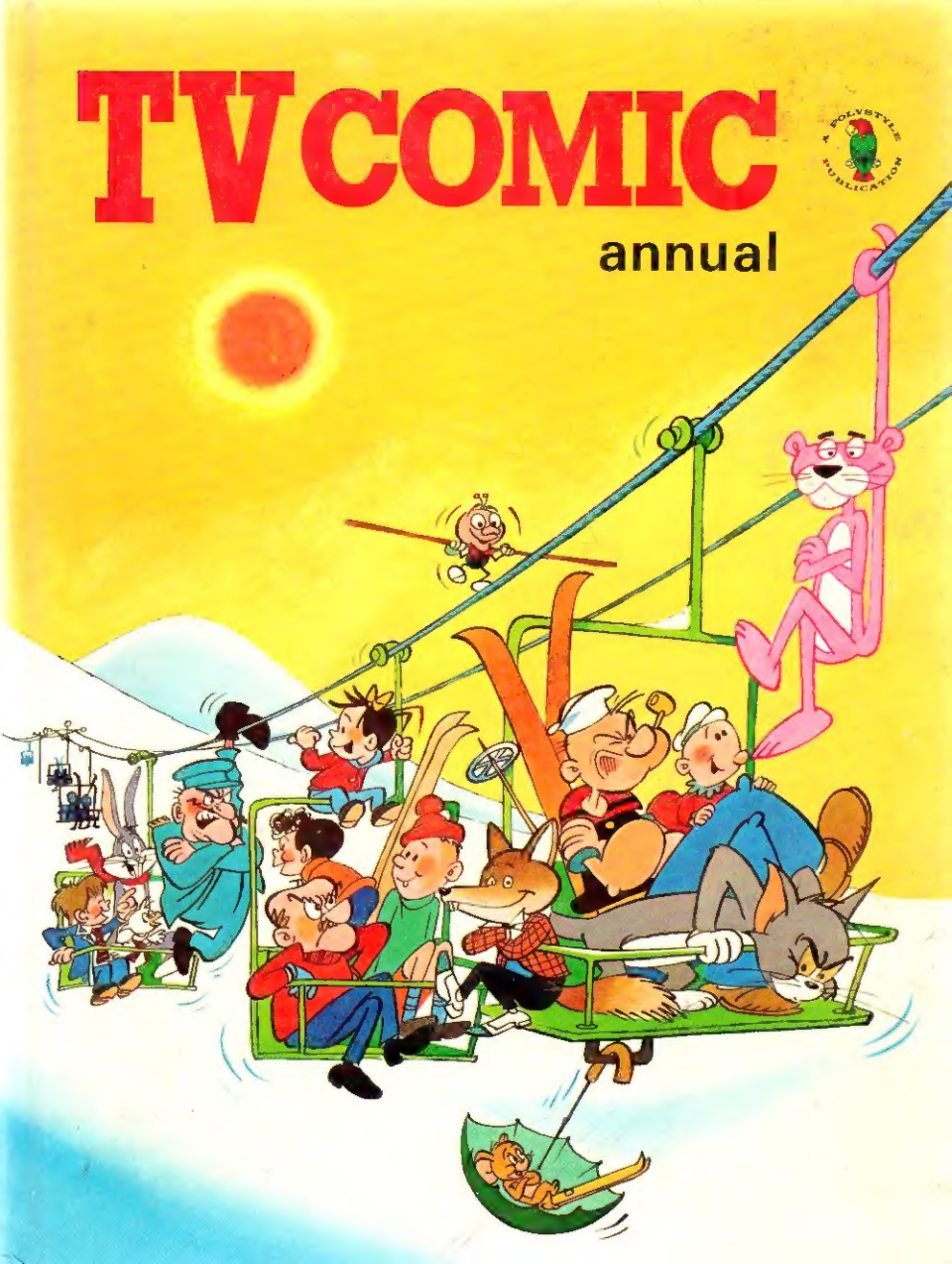
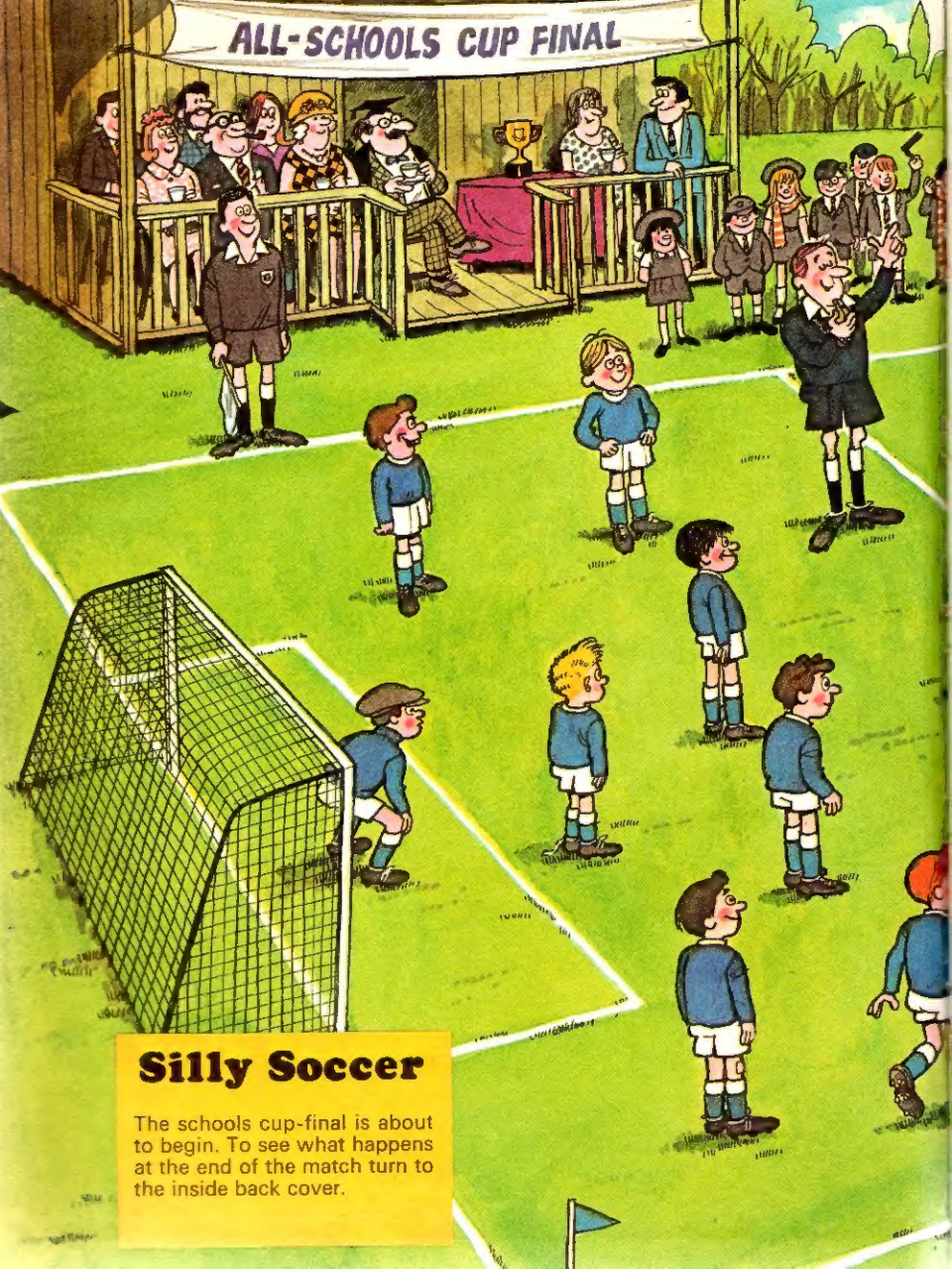
TV COMIC

annual

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION





Silly Soccer

The schools cup-final is about to begin. To see what happens at the end of the match turn to the inside back cover.

DOWN WITH THE BLUES

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60p

POPEYE
TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.
HIYAH, WIMPY. YOU SEEM TO BE ACTIN' KINDA STRANGE TODAY.
I WAS JUST REHEARSING MY LINES FOR THE PART I AM ABOUT TO PLAY!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOIN' TO BE AN ACTOR? ARF! ARF! DON'T MAKE ME LARF.
I TRUST YOU WILL NOT LAUGH. I WILL BE MOST OFFENDED IF YOU DO. IT IS A SERIOUS PART.
I DO BELIEVE HE'S SERIOUS.
IF YOU GO IN NOW, YOU WILL JUST HAVE TIME TO TAKE YOUR SEAT BEFORE I MAKE MY ENTRANCE.
THIS IS THE HAMBURGER HOUSE, NOT THE PLAYHOUSE. NOW I KNOW YOU'RE NUTS.
MY AUDIENCE AWAITS ME! I MUST GET ON WITH THE SHOW.
WHILST YOU ARE INDULGING YOURSELVES WITH HAMBURGERS, MY FRIENDS, I WILL ENTERTAIN YOU WITH MY RENDERINGS FROM HAMLET.
EAT UP. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
IF I DON'T SHUT HIM UP SOON THERE WON'T BE A CUSTOMER LEFT IN THE PLACE.
TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.
THAT'LL SHUT YOU UP! NOW GET OUT OF HERE, YOU BIG HAM!
WHAM!
ARF! ARF! YOUR HAMMIN' OF HAMLET DIDN'T GO DOWN VERY WELL IN THERE, WIMPY!
BUT THIS HAMBURGER I RECEIVED FOR NOTHING IS, MY FRIEND.

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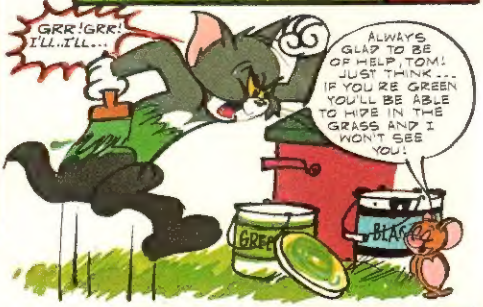
TOM and JERRY


GRR!GRR! I'LL..I'LL...
ALWAYS GLAD TO BE OF HELP, TOM! JUST THINK... IF YOU'RE GREEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HIDE IN THE GRASS AND I WON'T SEE YOU!
GREEN
BLACK

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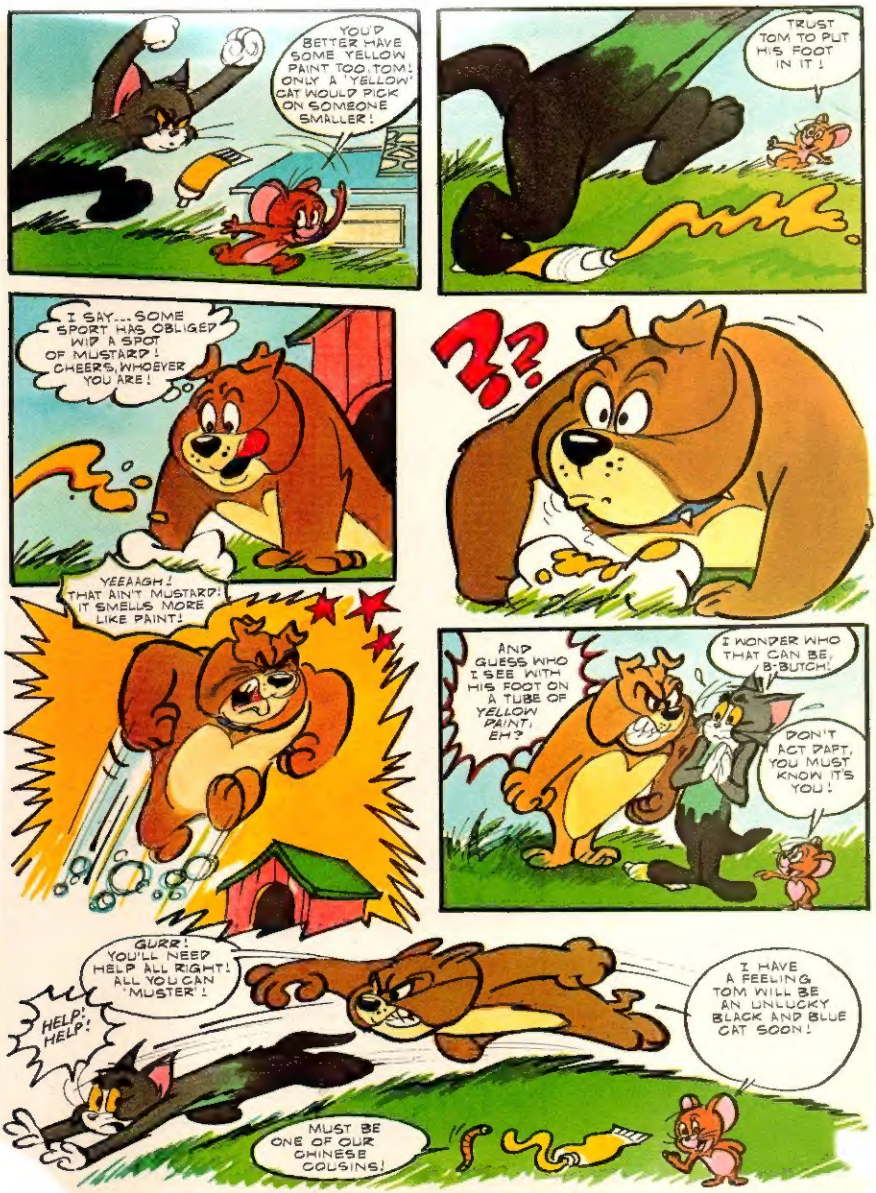
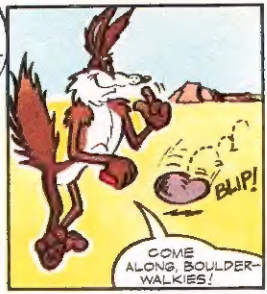
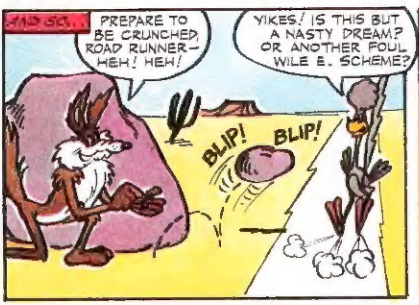
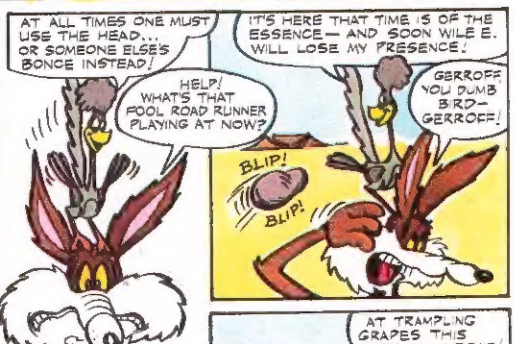
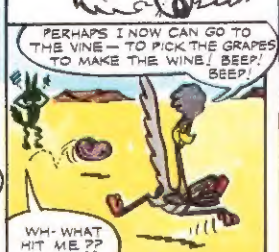

YOU'D BETTER HAVE SOME YELLOW PAINT TOO, TOM! ONLY A 'YELLOW' CAT WOULD PICK ON SOMEONE SMALLER!
TRUST TOM TO PUT HIS FOOT IN IT!
I SAY... SOME SPORT HAS OBLIGED WIF A SPOT OF MUSTARD! CHEERS, WHOEVER YOU ARE!
?!?
YEEAAGH! THAT AIN'T MUSTARD! IT SMELLS MORE LIKE PAINT!
AND GUESS WHO I SEE WITH HIS FOOT ON A TUBE OF YELLOW PAINT, EH?
I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE, B-BUTCH!
DON'T ACT DAFT, YOU MUST KNOW ITS YOU!
GURR! YOU'LL NEED HELP ALL RIGHT! ALL YOU CAN 'MUSTER'!
HELP! HELP!
I HAVE A FEELING TOM WILL BE AN UNLUCKY BLACK AND BLUE CAT SOON!
MUST BE ONE OF OUR CHINESE COUSINS!

BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER






AT ALL TIMES ONE MUST USE THE HEAD... OR SOMEONE ELSE'S BONCE INSTEAD!
HELP! WHAT'S THAT POOL ROAD RUNNER PLAYING AT NOW?
IT'S HERE THAT TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE— AND SOON WILE E. WILL LOSE MY PRESENCE!
GERROFF YOU DUMB BRD— GERROFF!
BLIP!
BLIP!



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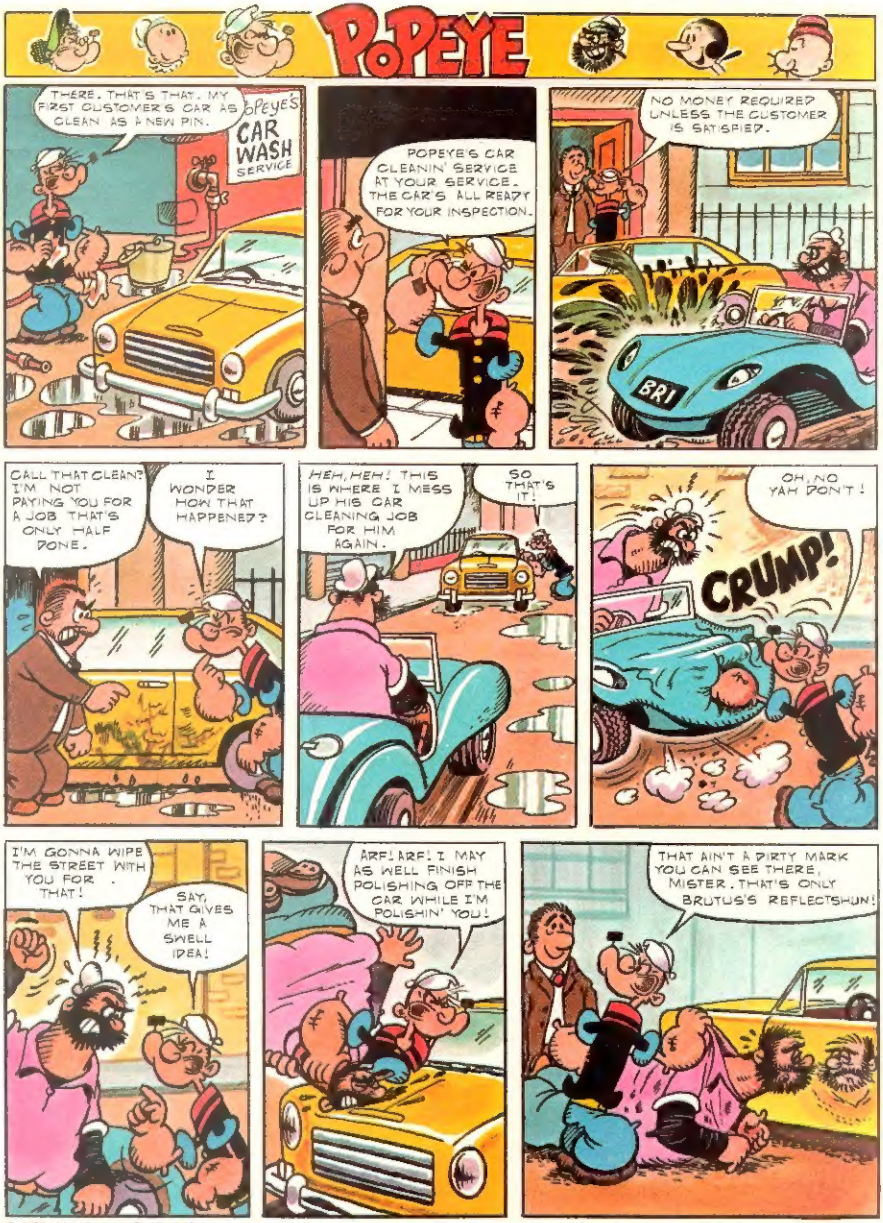
POPEYE
THERE. THAT'S THAT. MY FIRST CUSTOMER'S CAR AS CLEAN AS A NEW PIN.
POPEYE'S CAR WASH SERVICE
POPEYE'S CAR CLEANIN' SERVICE AT YOUR SERVICE. THE CAR'S ALL READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION.
NO MONEY REQUIRED UNLESS THE CUSTOMER IS SATISFIED.
BRI
CALL THAT CLEAN? I'M NOT PAYING YOU FOR A JOB THAT'S ONLY HALF DONE.
I WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED?
HEH, HEH! THIS IS WHERE I MESS UP HIS CAR CLEANING JOB FOR HIM AGAIN.
SO THAT'S IT!
OH, NO YAH DON'T!
CRUMP!
I'M GONNA WIPE THE STREET WITH YOU FOR . THAT!
SAY, THAT GIVES ME A SWELL IDEA!
ARF! ARF! I MAY AS WELL FINISH POLISHING OFF THE CAR WHILE I'M POLISHIN' YOU!
THAT AIN'T A DIRTY MARK YOU CAN SEE THERE, MISTER. THAT'S ONLY BRUTUS'S REFLECTSHUN!

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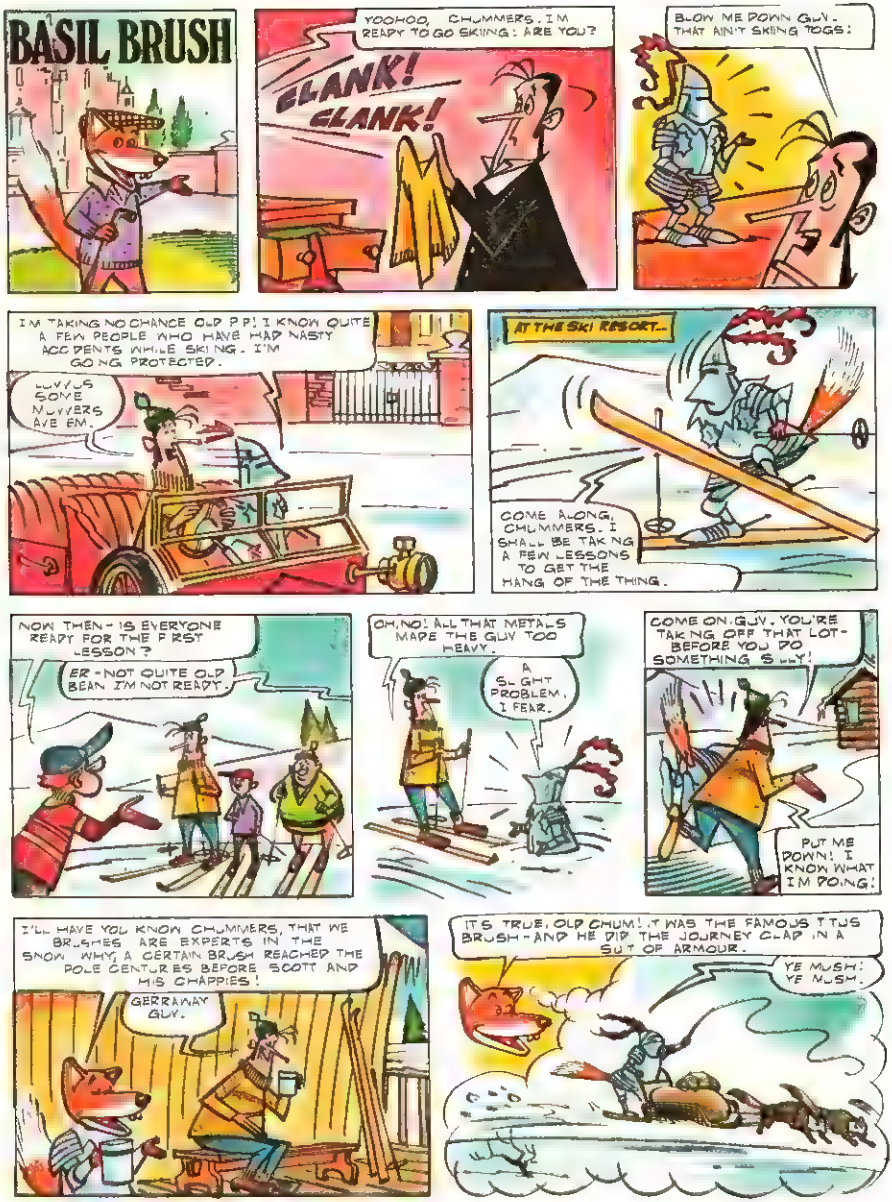
LARRY HARMON'S

LAUREL & HARDY

HEY, OLLIE! I'VE BOUGHT THE MOST INCREDIBLE DOG YOU'VE EVER SEEN!
HE WAS TERRIFIC VALUE FOR FIVE POUNDS!
I'LL SAY! THAT ONLY WORKS OUT ABOUT 50 PENCE A FOOT!
A LITTLE LATER....
IT'S A LOVELY DAY FOR A TRIP TO THE COAST.... WONDER WHAT "SOGGY" WILL THINK OF THE SEASIDE!
AT PUDDLESEA....
GOLLY! WE'VE BROUGHT SO MUCH GEAR WITH US WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CARRY IT ALL DOWN ONTO THE BEACH AT ONE GO!
TO THE BEACH
YES WE WILL.... SOGGY'S GIVEN ME A GREAT IDEA!

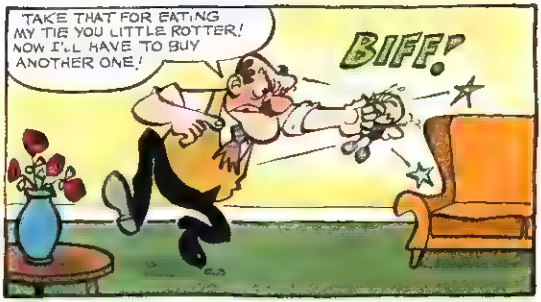
© 1971 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

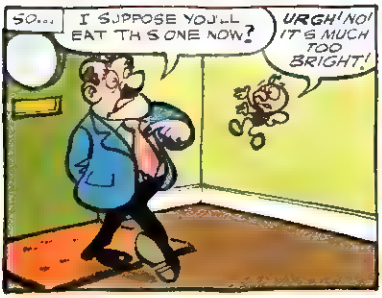
THIS WAY WE CAN CARRY ALL OUR STUFF WITH NO TROUBLE! TEE HEE
HAW HAW
GOLLY! THE BEACH IS REALLY PACKED...THERE'S ONLY JUST ENOUGH ROOM FOR US TO SQUEEZE IN
NEVER MIND... WE CAN GO IN THE SEA TO GET AWAY FROM THE CROWDS!
YOU'RE JOKING!... THE WATER'S EVEN MORE PACKED!
HEY! WHERE'S SOSSY GOT TO?
HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO!
MEANWHILE.....
EEEEK! LOOK AT THOSE MOVING HUMPS!
IT MUST BE A SEA MONSTER!
EEEEK!
SHEREEK GANGWAY!
A SEA MONSTER'S BEEN SIGHTED!
I'M OFF HOME
AND SO.....
TEE HEE! NOW WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE RESORT TO OURSELVES!
GOOD OLD SOSSY! HE EVEN MAKES A SUPER SWIMMING RING HAW! HAW!

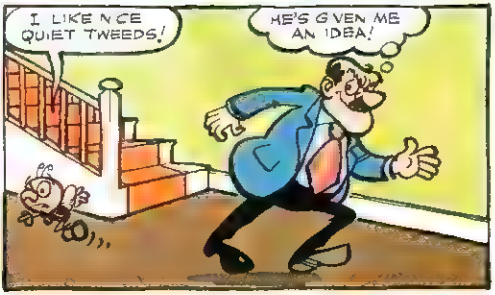

BASIL BRUSH
YOOHOO, CHUMMERS. I'M READY TO GO SKIING! ARE YOU?
CLANK! CLANK!
BLOW ME DOWN GUV. THAT AIN'T SKIING TOGS!
I'M TAKING NO CHANCE OLD P.P! I KNOW QUITE A FEW PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD NASTY ACCIDENTS WHILE SKIING. I'M GOING PROTECTED.
LUVVLY SOME MUVVERS AVE 'EM.
AT THE SKI RESORT...
COME ALONG, CHUMMERS. I SHALL BE TAKING A FEW LESSONS TO GET THE HANG OF THE THING.
NOW THEN - IS EVERYONE READY FOR THE FIRST LESSON?
ER - NOT QUITE OLD BEAN. I'M NOT READY.
OH, NO! ALL THAT METAL'S MADE THE GUV TOO HEAVY.
A SLIGHT PROBLEM, I FEAR.
COME ON, GUV. YOU'RE TAKING OFF THAT LOT - BEFORE YOU DO SOMETHING SILLY!
PUT ME DOWN! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW CHUMMERS, THAT WE BRUSHES ARE EXPERTS IN THE SNOW. WHY, A CERTAIN BRUSH REACHED THE POLE CENTURIES BEFORE SCOTT AND HIS CHAPPIES!
GERRAWAY GUV.
IT'S TRUE, OLD CHUM! IT WAS THE FAMOUS TTUS BRUSH - AND HE DID THE JOURNEY CLAD IN A SUIT OF ARMOUR.
YE MUSH! YE MUSH.

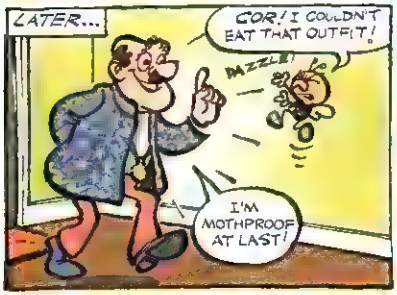
FOR MILE AFTER MILE, TITUS FOUGHT HIS WAY ACROSS THE SNOWY WASTES THROUGH RAGING BLIZZARDS!
YE' HELP! HELP!
THEN, SUDDENLY, ONE DAY, A MYSTERIOUS INVISIBLE FORCE PULLED TITUS FROM HIS SLED AND DRAGGED HIM ACROSS THE ICE AND SNOW!
HUNDREDS OF MILES SPED BY AND STILL TITUS COULDN'T FREE HIMSELF OF THE STRANGE FORCE THAT PULLED HIM ALONG!
LUMME, GUV.' WHAT WAS IT? DID HE EVER BREAK LOOSE?
YEEK!
CLANK!
A POLE?
YES, CHUMMERS... IT ALL ENDED RATHER SUDDENLY. TITUS STOPPED SHORT AGAINST A LARGE POLE.
THAT'S CORRECT! TITUS HAD BECOME THE FIRST MAN TO DISCOVER THE MAGNETIC POLE! AND IT WAS HIS ARMOUR THAT DID IT!
OH, NO!
SO, YOU SEE CHUMMERS— WE BRUSHES DO NOT NEED ANY ADVICE WHEN IT COMES TO TRAVELLING OVER SNOW. SNIFF!
HAVE IT YER OWN WAY, GUV!
HELP! HELP!
GRR! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! PULL ME OUT! THE SNOW MUST'VE MELTED A LITTLE.
MUST'VE BEEN ALL THAT HOT AIR YOU WERE BLOWIN', GUV! HO-HO'

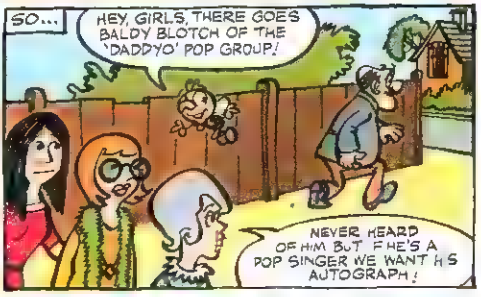
MIGHTY MOTH

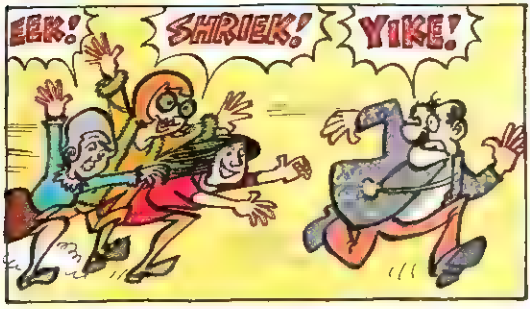

TAKE THAT FOR EATING MY TIE YOU LITTLE ROTTER! NOW I'LL HAVE TO BUY ANOTHER ONE!
BIFF!

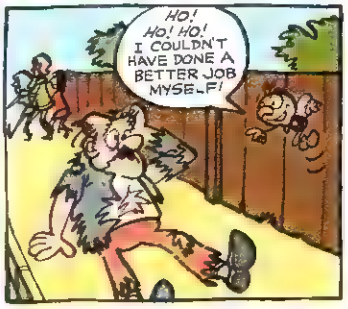

SO... I SUPPOSE YOU'LL EAT THIS ONE NOW?
URGH! NO! IT'S MUCH TOO BRIGHT!


I LIKE NICE QUIET TWEEDS!
HE'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

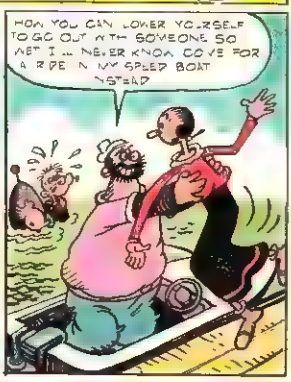

LATER...
COR! I COULDN'T EAT THAT OUTFIT!
MZZLE!
I'M MOTHPROOF AT LAST!

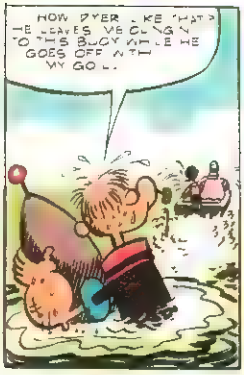

SO...
HEY, GIRLS, THERE GOES BALDY BLOTCH OF THE 'DADDYO' POP GROUP!
NEVER HEARD OF HIM BUT IF HE'S A POP SINGER WE WANT HIS AUTOGRAPH!

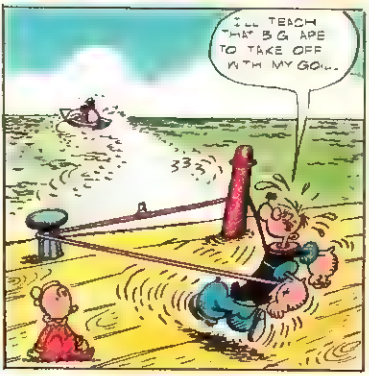

EEK!
SHRIEK!
YIKE!

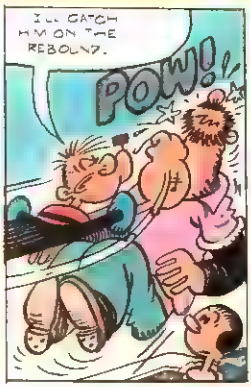

HO! HO! HO! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE A BETTER JOB MYSELF!

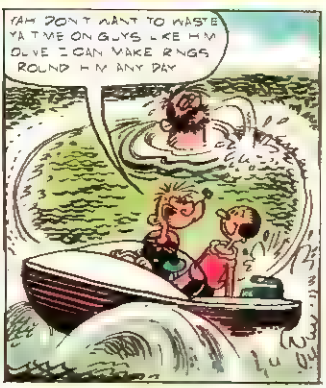
POPEYE











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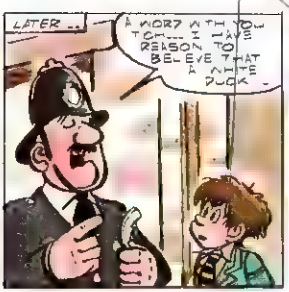
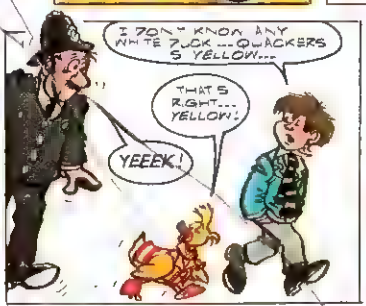
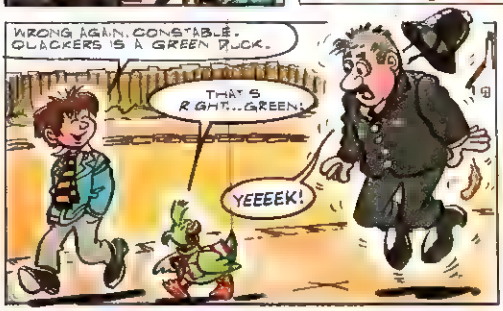
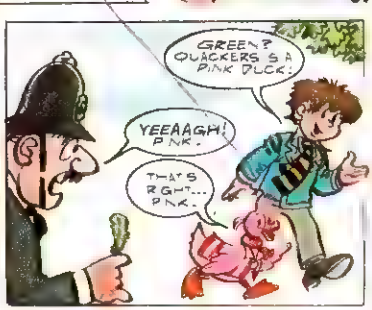
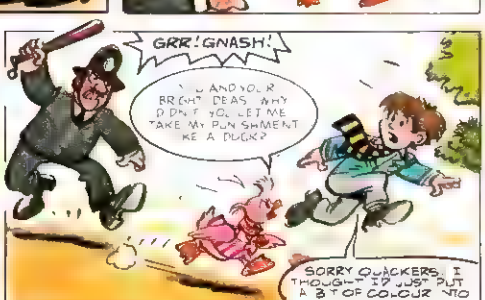
TICH and QUACKERS










GRR! GNASH!
AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS WHY DON'T YOU LET ME TAKE MY PUNISHMENT LIKE A DUCK?
SORRY QUACKERS. I THOUGHT I'D JUST PUT A BIT OF COLOUR INTO OUR DULL LIVES!

© Ray Allan Enterprises 1971 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

CAR-TOONS

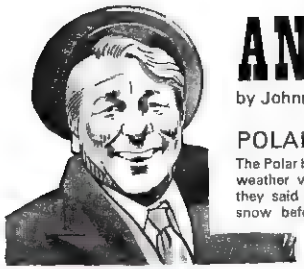
HEY MOM! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT UP THE HOOD!
CAR WASH

...NOTICE HOW QUICKLY IT RESPONDS ON THE BRAKES, SIR!

DADDY! JOHNNY KEEPS PULLING FACES AT THE DRIVERS BEHIND US!
POLICE

STEEP HILL
YOU WERE RIGHT, DAD, IT IS A SHORTER ROAD TO THE SEA..!

ZOO
PHEW! NOW WE CAN GET OUT OF THE CAR AT LAST – IT WAS GETTING JOLLY HOT IN THAT LION ENCLOSURE!

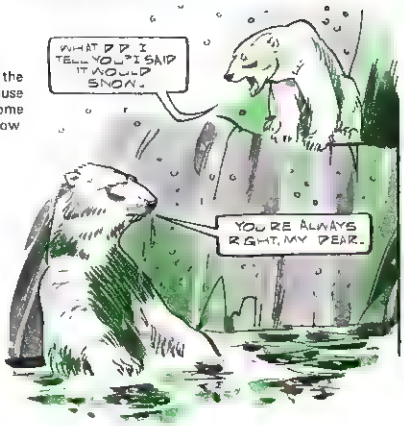


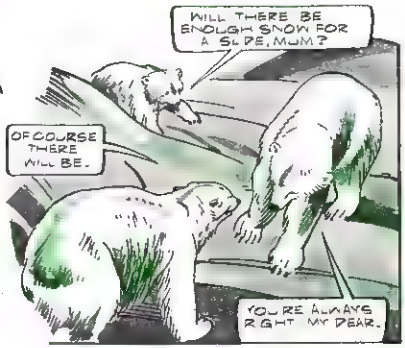
ANIMAL MAGIC

by Johnny Morris

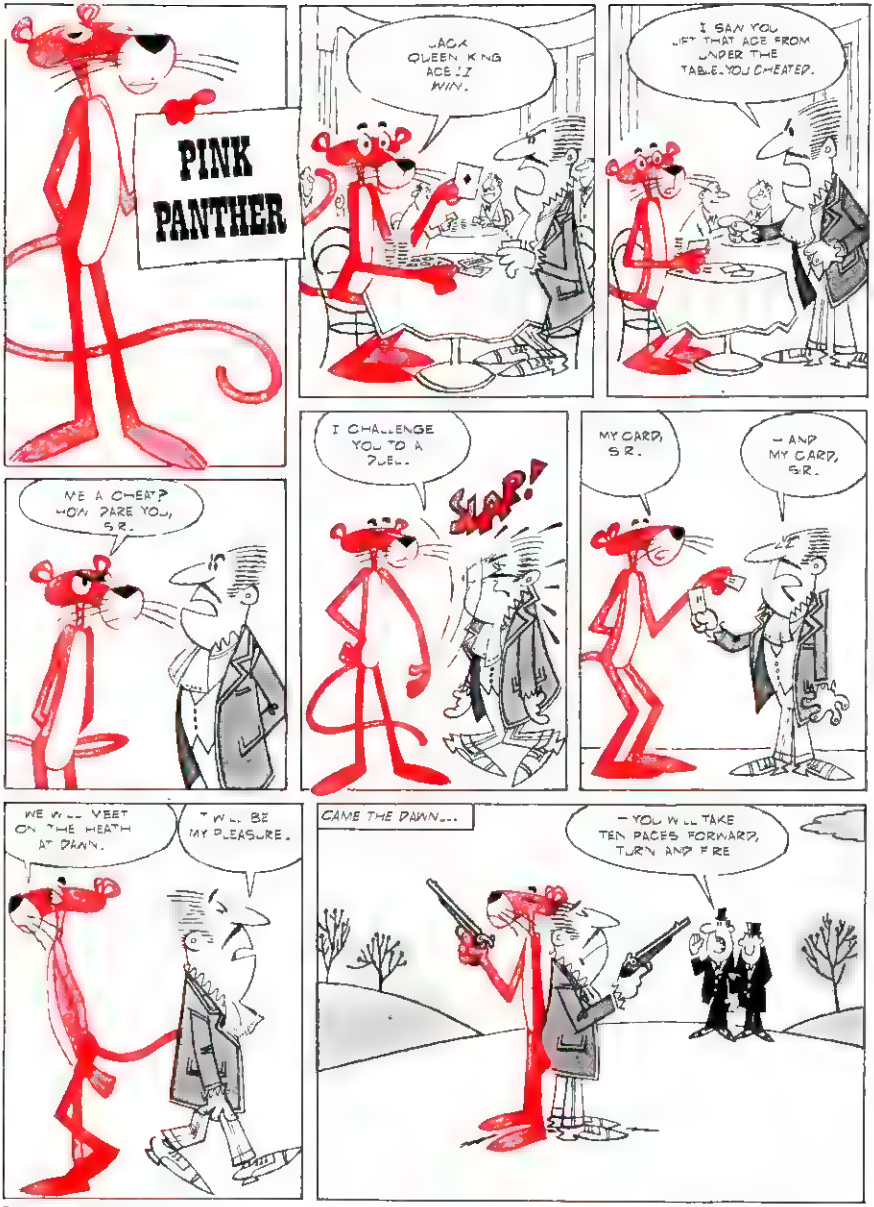
POLAR BEARS

The Polar bears have been watching the weather very carefully lately because they said we were sure to get some snow before long. They love snow

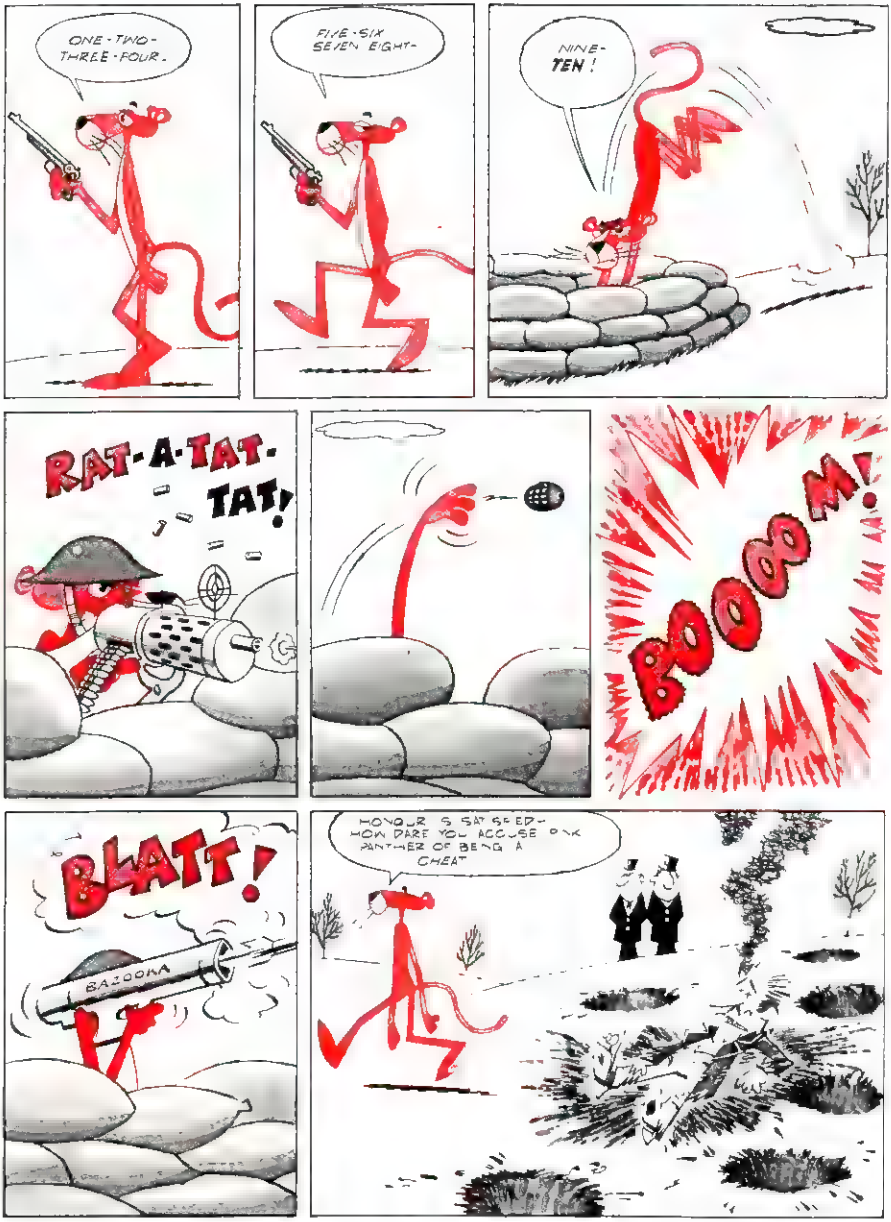




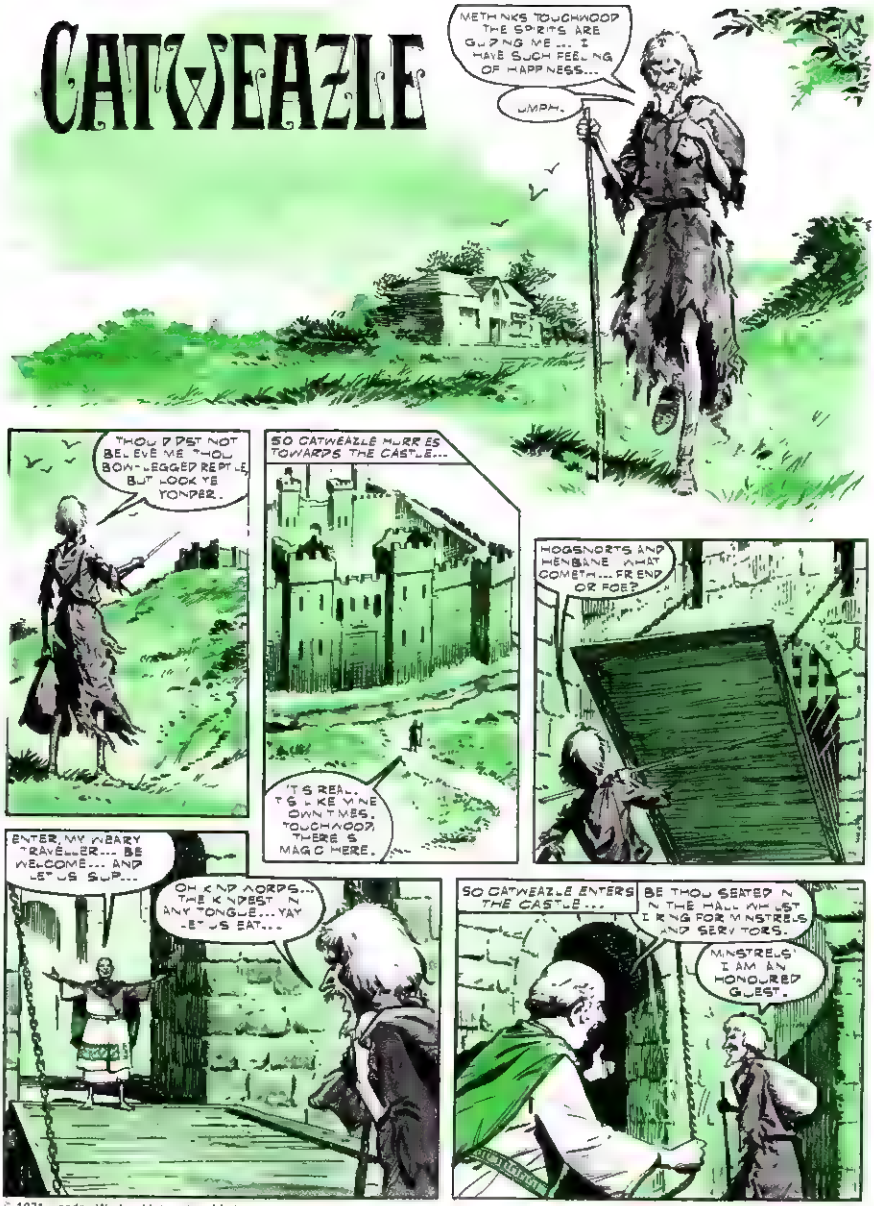
TOO LATE, MUM HERE WE GO-WHEEE!
LOOK OUT- THE POND'S FROZEN OVER.
OH, THAT HURT- SOMEONE'S PUT A LID ON OUR POND.
YOU ARE A SILLY POLAR BEAR.
THANK GOODNESS WE'VE BROKEN THE ICE.
BY JINGO, IT'S A BIT NIPPY THIS MORNING.
IT'S MUCH BETTER WITH THE LID OFF.


PINK PANTHER
JACK QUEEN KING ACE ! I WIN.
I SAW YOU LIFT THAT ACE FROM UNDER THE TABLE. YOU CHEATED.
ME A CHEAT? HOW DARE YOU, SIR.
I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL.
SLAP!
MY CARD, SIR.
— AND MY CARD, SIR.
WE'LL MEET ON THE HEATH AT DAWN.
IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE.
CAME THE DAWN...
— YOU'LL TAKE TEN PACES FORWARD, TURN AND FIRE

© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964


ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR.
FIVE-SIX SEVEN EIGHT-
NINE-TEN!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT!
BOOOM!
BLATT!
BAZOOKA
HONOUR'S SATISFIED- HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE PINK PANTHER OF BEING A CHEAT

CATWEAZLE


METHINKS TOUCHWOOD THE SPIRITS ARE GIVING ME... I HAVE SUCH FEELING OF HAPPINESS...
UMPH.
THOU'D'ST NOT BELIEVE ME THOU BOW-LEGGED REPTILE BUT LOOK YE YONDER.
SO CATWEAZLE HURRIES TOWARDS THE CASTLE...
'TIS REAL... TAKE MINE OWN TIMES. TOUCHWOOD, THERE'S MAGIC HERE.
HOGSNORTS AND HENBANE WHAT COMETH... FRIEND OR FOE?
ENTER, MY WEARY TRAVELLER... BE WELCOME... AND LET US SUP...
OH KIND LORDS... THE KINDEST IN ANY TONGUE... YAY LET US EAT...
SO CATWEAZLE ENTERS THE CASTLE...
BE THOU SEATED IN THE HALL WHILST I BRING FOR MINSTRELS AND SERVITORS.
MINSTRELS! I AM AN HONOURED GUEST.

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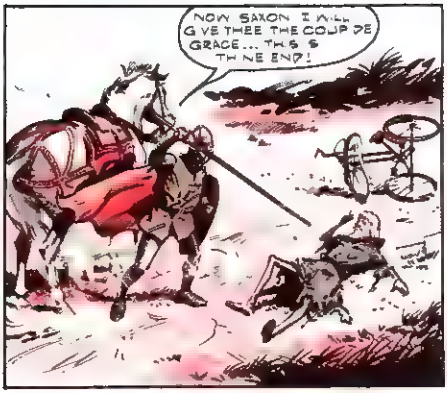
BUT AS THE BELL RINGS IN THE KITCHEN...
WHAT'S THAT BELL FOR?
IT'S FOR YOU MATE... THE GUV'NORS A BIT ROUND THE BEND AND HE LIKES TO PRETEND HE'S LIVING IN THE BAD OLD DAYS. YOU'RE HIS MINSTREL. SEE?
COME AND LIVE IN THE CASTLE, I SAID WHEN I MET YOU IN THE VILLAGE AN YOU SAID YOU WAS WAITING TO HIT THE BIG TIME IN POP... YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF GRUB FOR A FEW SONGS... OKAY?
OKAY GEORGE, I'LL GIVE HIM ONE OF THE LATEST.
SO...
HA, THE MINSTREL ART THOU, SAXON?
NO I'M JONES..WHO ARE YOU?
HOW MY TIMES HAVE CHANGED. NEVER DO I HEAR SUCH NOISE.
BUT THE SUPPER THAT FOLLOWS IS GOOD...
MY FRIEND THOU POST PROVIDE A GREAT REPAST.
WHAT ELSE WOULDST THOU EXPECT FROM A DECLANCY OF THE DECLANCIES?
WHAT! ART THOU OF NORMAN BLOOD?
OF COURSE I AM OF NORMAN BLOOD! ART THOU, FELLOW, A COMMON SAXON?
THOU DOUBLE-TONGUED, SWAGGERING HUFF-SNUFF. MAY THY MEAD AND VENISON TURN SOUR WITHIN THEE.
AN INSULT. I WILL GIVE THEE THE COWARD'S BLOW.

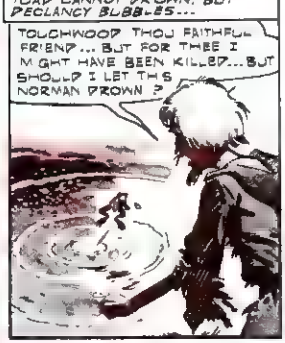
THERE, NORMAN! I'LL THROW DOWN THE GAUNTLET.
EEERRAAGH.
THOU SMITEST ME. DOST THINK A SAXON CANNOT SMITE IN RETURN?
WAT. 'TIS UNCOUTH. WE MUST JOUST. I'LL FIND THEE A HORSE.
A HORSE. DOST THINK I WOULD RIDE A NORMAN HORSE?
I CANNOT RIDE ANY KIND OF HORSE ANYWAY...
THEN I WILL FIND THEE A TRICYCLE.. AND A MACE.. FOR COMMON SAXONS DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE LANCE.
SO THE JOUSTING DUEL IS ARRANGED...
THY DAYS ARE NUMBERED, SAXON. AS TRULY AS I AM THE LAST OF THE PECLANCES.
ONE SMITE FROM THIS MACE O NORMAN, AND THOU SHALT SURELY BE THE LAST OF THEM.
SO THEY CHARGE...
AARGH!
HAVE AT THEE KNAVE.


NOW SAXON I WILL GIVE THEE THE COUP DE GRACE... THIS IS THINE END!

BUT TOUCHWOOD HELPS HIS MASTER...
UUURGH
UUU RCK.

AARGH. THAT FOUL TOAD HAS SLIPPED DOWN INSIDE MY ARMOUR. AND HES BITING ME...

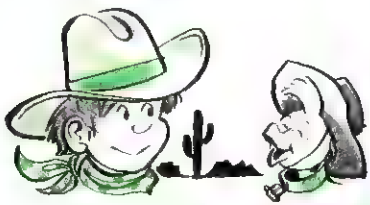
IT HAPPENS ME.. I WILL JUMP INTO THE MOAT AND DROWN THE PEST.

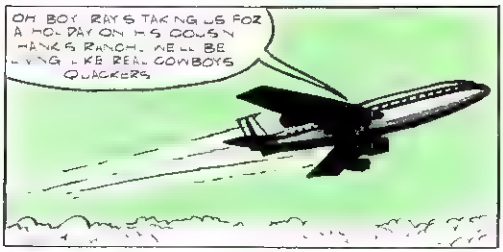

BUT DECLANCY HAS FORGOTTEN THE WEIGHT OF HIS ARMOUR.... TOAD CANNOT DROWN, BUT DECLANCY BUBBLES...
TOUCHWOOD THOU FAITHFUL FRIEND... BUT FOR THEE I MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED...BUT SHOULD I LET THIS NORMAN DROWN?

NAY, I WILL SHOW MERCY TO MINE ENEMIES... FOUL NORMANS DEFEATED.

SO...
TOUCHWOOD WE HAVE DEFEATED THE NORMANS..... WHAT MORE COULD WE WISH ON A LOVELY DAY LIKE THIS...
UNK
END...

Tich and Quackers





HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' TICH?
JUST AIN'T HOW I'M WRESTLES A STEER.
WELL ER I'M NOT MUCH A GOOD AT WRESTLING SIR! I'M A LOT BETTER AT BOXING

© Ray Allan Enterprises 1971 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

NOT SO BAD TCH! BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MISSED.
BY A MILE.
I MISSED THE STEER ... OLE HUNK BUT I'VE CHUG-A-GOT SOMETHING.
GAWSH! I WONDER WHAT THAT IS?
TUG!
BULL!
UG.UG.
THAT'S BUCHER SLEEPING BULL! I THINK YOU'VE DISTURBED HIS NAP TCH.
HELP! A REAL REDSKIN
HELP! CALL HIM OFF.
MERCY CHIEF I'M AN ACCIDENT. DON'T SCALP ME.
STRANGE PALEFACE IS SLEEPING BULL'S SCALP TO...
SLEEPING BULL'S WANT'M THANK YOU FOR WAKING HIM UP. HM GETTUM SACK IE-M-NO GETTUM STICKS DONE!
CHOP!
CHOP!
CHOPPING STICKS!
THE WILD WEST ISN'T THE SAME AS IT IS IN THE FILMS. EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.
CHUCK HOUSE
CHEER UP TCH. THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT HAVEN'T CHANGED.
LIKE THE GRUB FOR INSTANCE ... SOME BANGERS AND BEANS!
BANGERS AND BEANS YIPEE!
MORE TCH?
SURE THING PARTNER. NOW I AM REALLY FEELS LIKE A COWBOY.
YEAH. GAWSH YUP.

Edgar Rice Burroughs'

TARZAN

CAN I REALLY HEAR DRUMS TALKING WAR FROM THE VALLEY-OR IS IT MY IMAGINATION?
TA-TA BOOM
TA-TA BOOM
THEN BULAWA NATIVES RACE INTO VIEW...
FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES! THE WAZIRS ARE ON THE WARPATH AND HAVE THUNDERSTICKS.
WAIT. THE WAZIRS ARE PEACEFUL PEOPLE. IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THEY'D ATTACK ANYONE.
THE JUNGLE ISN'T A SAFE PLACE ANY MORE.
IT'S TRUE TARZAN! THEY TALK OF A GHOST GOD WHO COMMANDS THEM TO FIGHT. THANKFULLY WE MANAGED TO ESCAPE BEFORE THEY COULD HARM US.
THEN WHERE IS BOY? HE WAS IN YOUR VILLAGE.
I DON'T KNOW TARZAN.
I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE TO MAKE SURE HE'S GOT AWAY SAFELY.
SOON...
THE GHOST GOD COMMANDS ALL WAZIRS TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF HIS ENEMIES
SO THEY'VE CAPTURED HIM! BUT WHERE DID THEY GET RIFLES?

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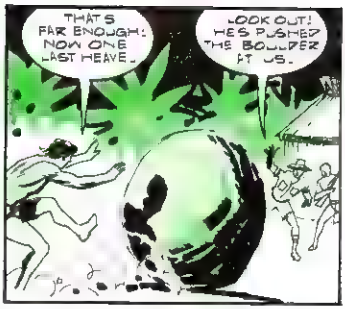
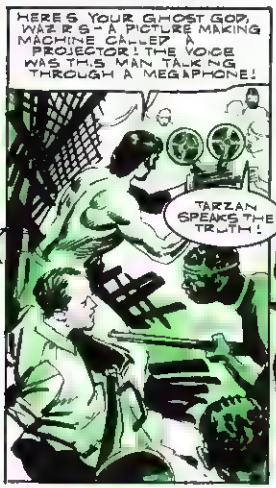
WELL, HERE'S ONE OF HIS ENEMIES FOR A START. I'LL TAKE THAT RIFLE.
TARZAN! THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE COME.
U-UGH?
I AM ASHAMED FOR THE PEACE-LOVING WAZIRIS! THESE THUNDERSTICKS ARE EVIL AND BRING ONLY BAD TROUBLE! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?
FROM FRIENDS OF THE GHOST GOD! BUT YOU'RE NOT OUR FRIEND, TARZAN. SEIZE HIM!
TARZAN GRABS BOY AND SWINGS UP TO THE TREE-TOPS..
LUCKILY THEY'RE USELESS SHOTS WITH THE RIFLES! THEY'RE MISSING US BY YARDS.
THEY MUST DIE - THE GHOST GOD WOULD WISH IT!
A TERRIBLE WAR IS GOING TO INFLAME THE JUNGLE UNLESS THE WAZIRIS ARE STOPPED! GO TO WARN ALL THE VILLAGES OF THE DANGER, BOY WHILE I TAKE A LOOK AT THIS GHOST GOD.
YES TARZAN.
TARZAN FOLLOWS THE WAZIRI WARRIORS TO THEIR CAMP.....
THOSE WHITE MEN MUST BE FRIENDS OF WAZIRIS! THEY'RE MAKING A PROFIT FOR THEMSELVES SELLING GUNS TO THEM. BUT WHERE'S THE GHOST GOD?
NEXT SECOND..
LOOK - A WHITE CLOUD HAS COME DOWN FROM THE SKY! THE GHOST GOD IS GOING TO APPEAR.
AIIEE! ALL HAIL TO THE GHOST GOD!

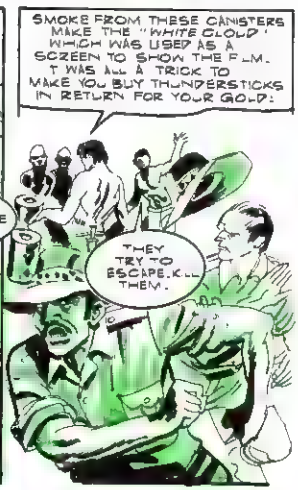
SUDDENLY, A MAN APPEARS IN THE CLOUD...
WE ARE YOUR WARRIORS O GHOST GOD! TELL US WHAT YOU WANT US TO DO.
HE APPEARS IN A SUDDEN FLASH AS IF BY MAGIC!
HEAR ME WAZIRS. YOU MUST FOLLOW THE ADVICE OF THE WHITE FRIEND. TRUST ME.
HE EVEN TALKS TOO.
SO IT'S ABOUT TIME I FOUND OUT WHETHER HE'S FOR REAL OR NOT— AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OF DOING IT!
IT IS TARZAN! HOLD HIM!
WAIT. I ACCUSE YOUR GHOST GOD OF BEING A FAKE AND CHALLENGE HIM TO PROVE HIS MAGIC POWER TO ME. IF I'M WRONG, THEN I DESERVE TO DIE!
SO BE IT. LET HIM ADVANCE, AND I WILL SHOW HIM HOW MIGHTY I AM!
THE GHOST GOD HAS SPOKEN!
TARZAN SPRINGS FORWARD, BUT...
BLAZES, I'VE GONE RIGHT THROUGH HIM! HE'S NOT SOLID!
TARZAN HAS FALLEN TO ATTACK THE GHOST GOD! SHOOT HIM.
THERE'S A LIGHT COMING FROM THAT HUT. NOW I CAN SEE HOW THE TRICK IS DONE.
BUT THE WAZIRIS ARE IN NO MOOD FOR LONG EXPLANATIONS SO I'D BETTER GET UNDER COVER FAST!

THIS BOULDER CAN HELP ME SHOW THE WAZ-RIS WHAT'S BEHIND THE GHOST GOD!
HE'S ROLLING A BOULDER ALONG TO PROTECT HIM FROM THE BULLETS.

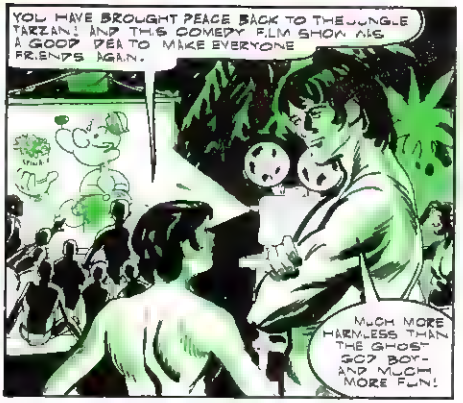

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! NOW ONE LAST HEAVE.
LOOK OUT! HE'S PUSHED THE BOULDER AT US.

CRASH!
AAGH!


HERE'S YOUR GHOST GOD! WAZ-RIS - A PICTURE MAKING MACHINE CALLED A PROJECTOR! THE VOICE WAS THIS MAN TALKING THROUGH A MEGAPHONE!
TARZAN SPEAKS THE TRUTH!


SMOKE FROM THESE CANISTERS MAKE THE "WHITE CLOUD" WHICH WAS USED AS A SCREEN TO SHOW THE FILM. IT WAS ALL A TRICK TO MAKE YOU BUY THUNDERSTICKS IN RETURN FOR YOUR GOLD!
THEY TRY TO ESCAPE...KILL THEM.

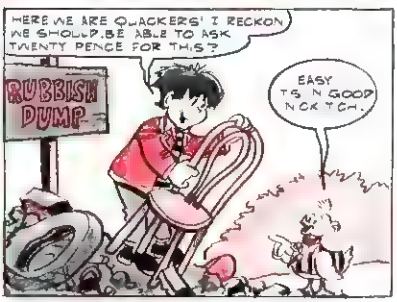
NO THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH SHOOTING WITH THE THUNDERSTICKS. I'LL HAND THEM OVER TO THE POLICE WITH THESE VILLAINS!
WE ARE ASHAMED OF OUR FOOLISHNESS, TARZAN, AND GLAD YOU STOPPED US BEFORE WE HARMED ANYONE.


YOU HAVE BROUGHT PEACE BACK TO THE JUNGLE TARZAN! AND THIS COMEDY FILM SHOWING A GOOD IDEA TO MAKE EVERYONE FRIENDS AGAIN.
MUCH MORE HARMLESS THAN THE GHOST GOD BOY- AND MUCH MORE FUN!

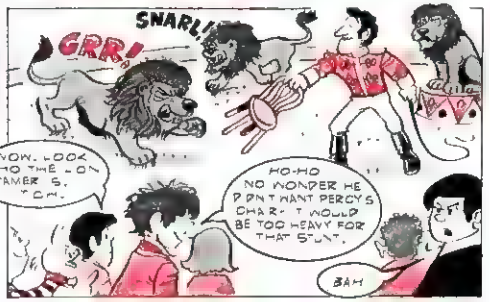
TICH AND QUACKERS

TONIGHT
CIRCUS
ELEPHANTS LIONS
HORSES CLOWNS
WE'RE OUT OF LUCK, QUACKERS WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH FOR THE CIRCUS. WE'RE TWENTY PENCE SHORT.
SURELY WE CAN EARN THAT MUCH TICH?

COME ON QUACKERS I KNOW WHERE WE CAN PICK UP AN OLD CHAIR .. FOR NOTHING.
POOR TWERPS I'LL BEAT THEM AT IT. SNIGGER.
LEAD ME TO IT, VASTERMIND



I HEAR YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A CHAIR SIR. YOU CAN HAVE THIS BEAUTY FOR ONLY FIVE PENCE.
AAGH. PERCY'S BEATEN US TO IT! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE. LOOK AT THE CHAIR HE'S SELLING:
AND CHEAPER TOO.



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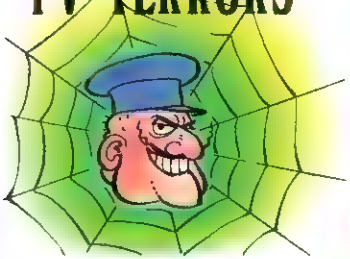
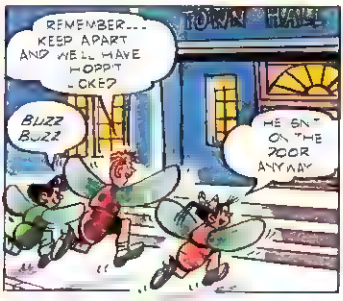
TV TERRORS



TONIGHT
STUDIO
FANCY DRESS BALL
TOWN HALL
7·30PM to 12!
WOW ALL THE STARS WILL BE THERE! WE MUST TRY AND GATECRASH
MUM HOPPIT IS SURE TO BE THERE TOO

BUT IF WE KEEP APART HE CAN'T BOOT US ALL AT THE SAME TIME
WE'RE WITH YOU, BUTTONS
AND I KNOW EXACTLY THE KIND OF COSTUMES WE WANT.



AHA A FLY WITH AN AUTOGRAPH BOOK THAT MUST BE ONE OF THE TERRORS
AND THAT MUST BE YOU HOPPIT... YOU CAN'T BOOT US ALL THIS TIME... WE'VE SPOTTED YOU.

© TV Comic

POPEYE
I THOUGHT YOU ARRE SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING SWEEPEA WITH HIS LESSONS?
THAT'S EXACKLY WHAT I AM DOIN
I SEEM TO HAVE ARRIVED IN TIME TO UPSET MY PAL HEH HEH
WHO KNOWS OLIVE? ONCE HE'S MASTERED HEADIN' HE MIGHT EVEN GROW UP TO BE A HEADMASTER.
HEY POPEYE. HOWS ABOUT GIVIN SWEEPEA A DEMONSTRATION?
THASS A GOOD IDEA BRUTUS.
YOU'D BETTER NOT TRUST POPEYE WITH SWEEPEA'S EDUCATION OLIVE OR HE TOO MIGHT BE HEADING FOR TROUBLE
CRUMP!
ALL PLAY AND NO WORK... MAKE HIM A DULL BOY SO I'LL START BY GIVING HIM SOME SIMPLE ARITHMETIC
BUT UNNCA POPEYE HAS GIVEN ME SOMESUMS ALREADY
I'LL TEACH THAT BIG APE A LESSON HE WON'T FERGET IN A HURRY.
ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO. WHAT DO TWO AND TWO MAKE?
WHAT DO TWO AND TWO MAKE? DON'T THAT BLOCKHEAD TEACH YOU ANYTHING?
WHAT'S A BLOCKHEAD LOOK LIKE?
LIKE THIS
CRUNCH!
LET'S GET BACK TO OUR LESSON IN HEADFICATION SWEEPEA UNLESS YOU WANT TO END UP A BLOCKHEAD LIKE HIM. AREARE!

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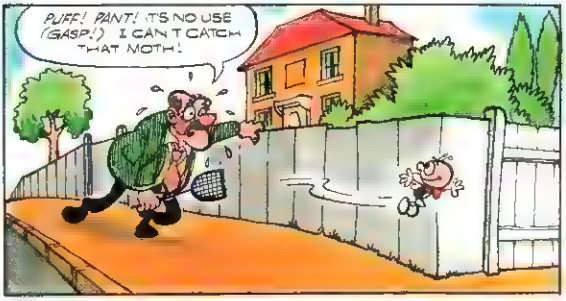
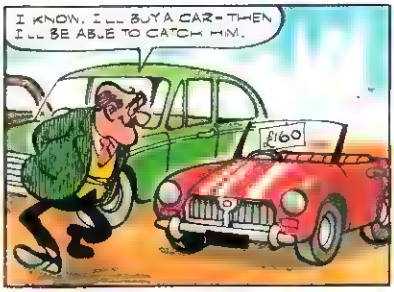
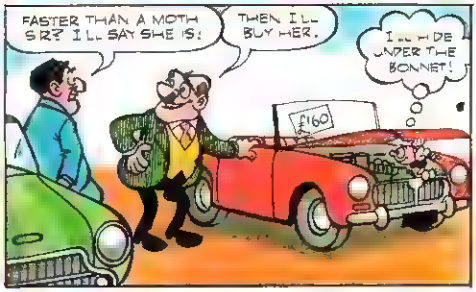
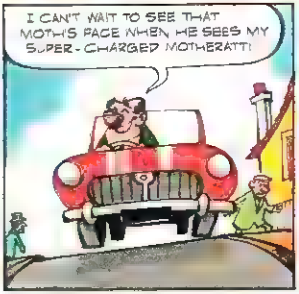
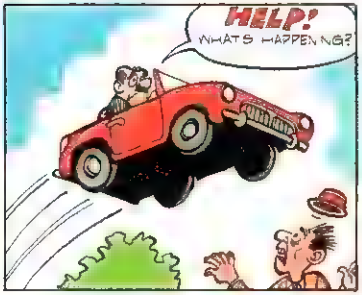
MIGHTY L MOTH



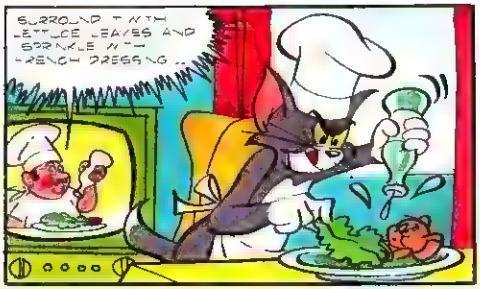


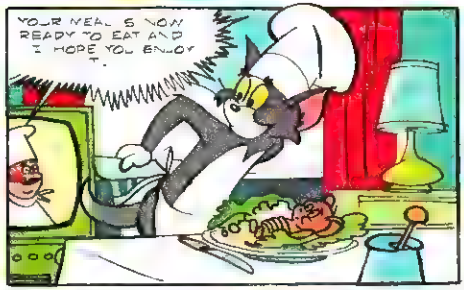


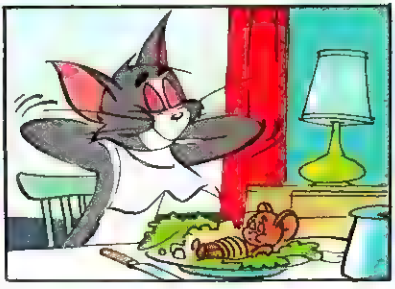




TOM and JERRY







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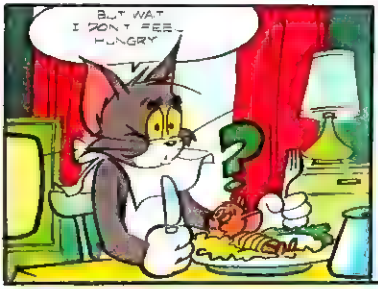
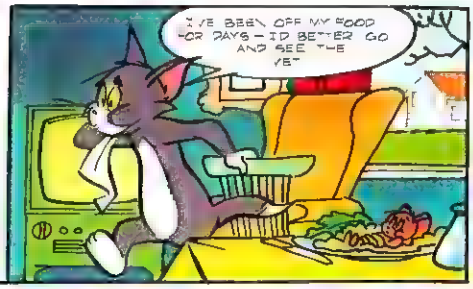
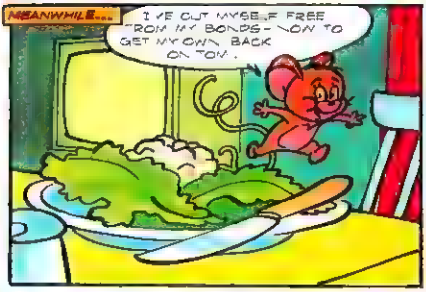
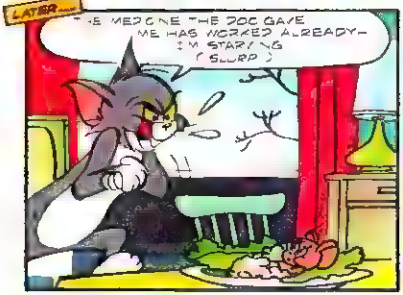

BUT WAT I DON'T FEEL HUNGRY
GULP

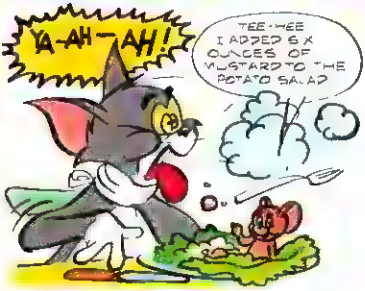

I'VE BEEN OFF MY FOOD FOR DAYS – I'D BETTER GO AND SEE THE VET

NEXT, PLEASE
SURGER


MEANWHILE...
I'VE CUT MYSELF FREE FROM MY BONDS – NOW TO GET MY OWN BACK ON TOM !


LATER...
THE MEDICINE THE DOC GAVE ME HAS WORKED ALREADY– I'M STARVING
(SLURP)

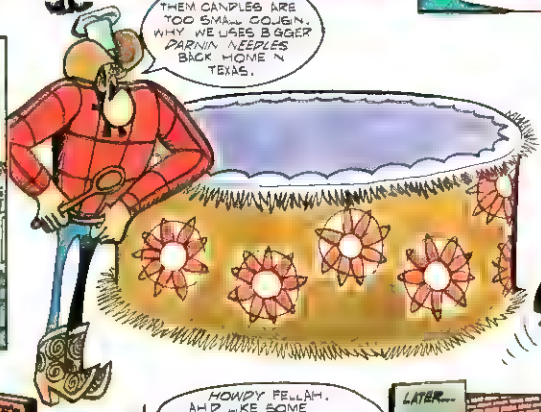
HEY TOM – SAY " ALWAYS BETTER TO LEAVE THE BEST PART 'TIL LAST"?
YOU'RE RIGHT ! I'LL EAT SOME DELICIOUS POTATO SALAD FIRST

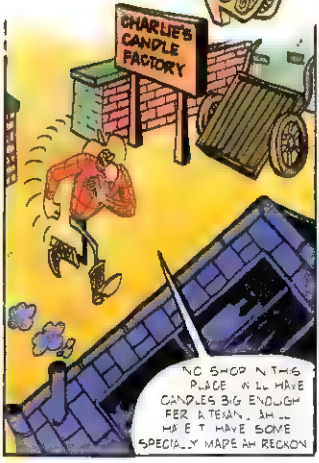

YA-AH-AH!
TEE-HEE I ADDED SIX OUNCES OF MUSTARD TO THE POTATO SALAD

TOM MAY HAVE LOST HIS APPETITE BUT HE HAS A TH RST TO MAKE UP FOR !
HO HO HO
GLUG GLUG!
GLUG!
GLUG!

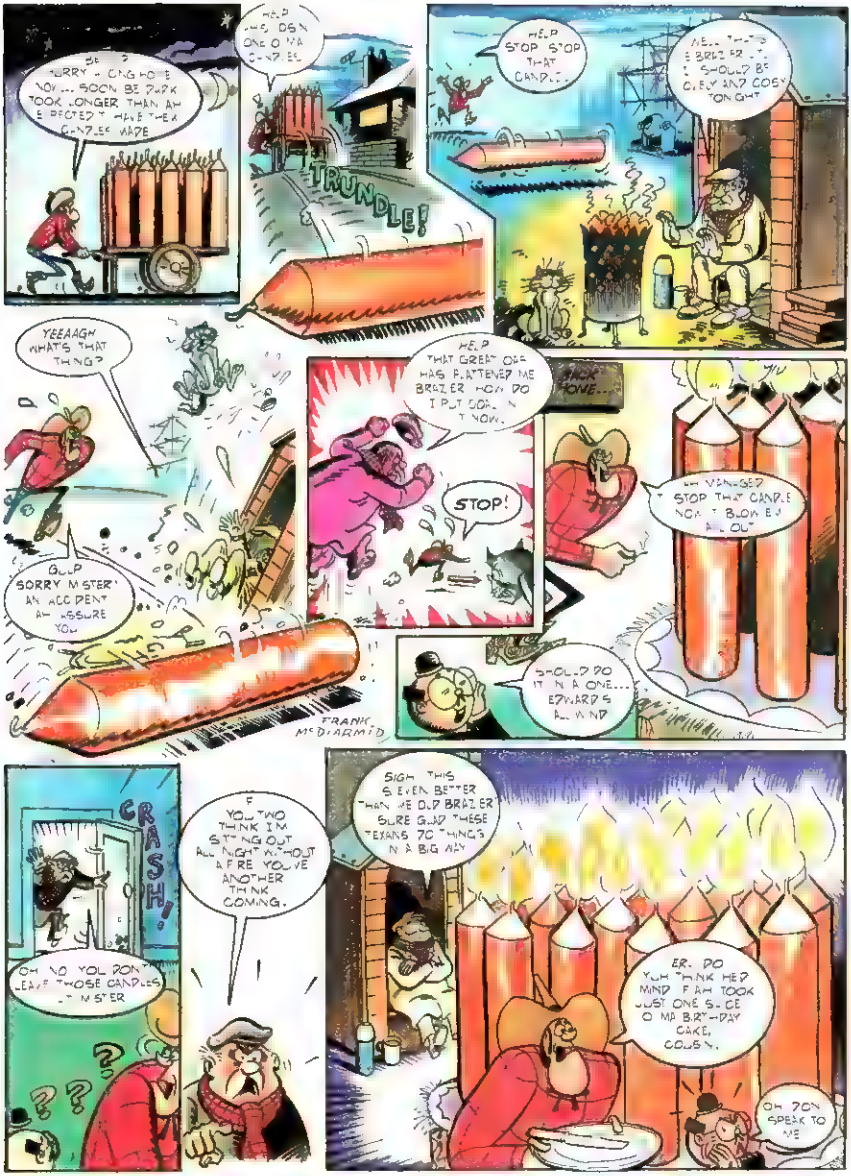
TEXAS TED

BIG HAT, BIG HEAD

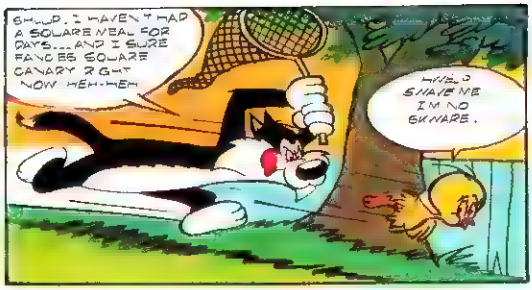

HELP. THEM CANDLES ARE TOO SMALL COUSIN. WHY WE USES BIGGER DARNIN NEEDLES BACK HOME N TEXAS.
IT WAS ALL I COULD LAY MY HANDS ON EDWARD!

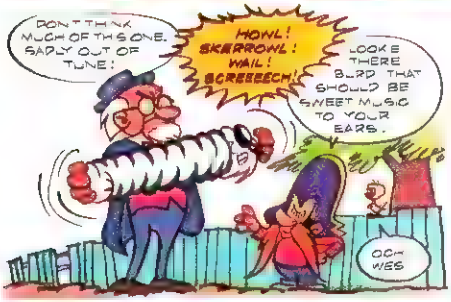

CHARLIE'S CANDLE FACTORY
NO SHOP IN THIS PLACE WILL HAVE CANDLES BIG ENOUGH FER A TEXAN. AH... HAFT HAVE SOME SPECIALLY MADE AH RECKON

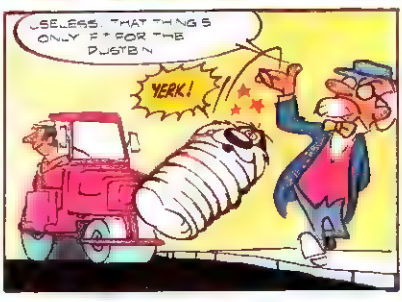
HOWDY FELLAH. AH'D LIKE SOME SPECIAL CANDLES MADE... URGENTLY! FAH GIVES YUH THE SPECIFICATIONS COULD YUH HAVE THEM READY TODAY?
WE SHALL DO OUR BEST SIR.

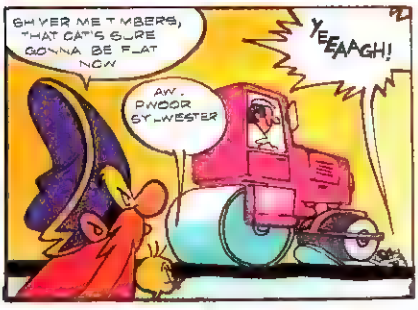

TRUNDLE!
CRASH!
FRANK McDIARMID

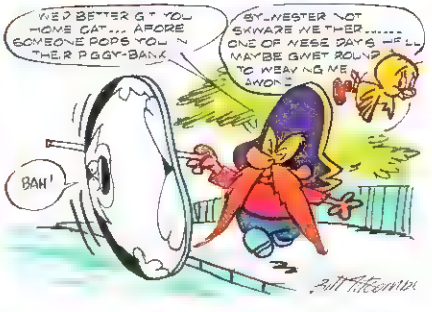
The BUGS BUNNY Show




DON'T THINK MUCH OF THIS ONE. SADLY OUT OF TUNE!
HOWL! SKERROWL! WAIL! SCREEEECH!
LOOKE THERE BURD THAT SHOULD BE SWEET MUSIC TO YOUR EARS.
OCH WES






WED BETTER GIT YOU HOME CAT... AFORE SOMEONE POPS YOU IN THEIR PIGGY-BANK
SYLWESTER NOT SKNARE WETHER..... ONE OF NESE DAYS HE'LL MAYBE GWET ROUND TO WEAVING ME ALONE
BAH!

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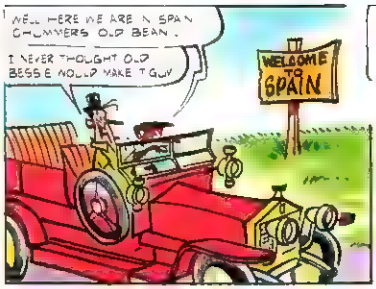
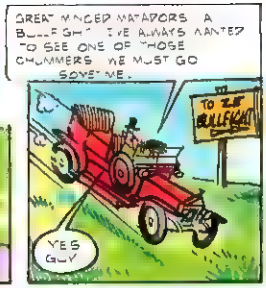
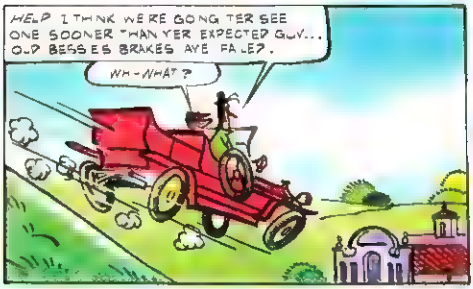
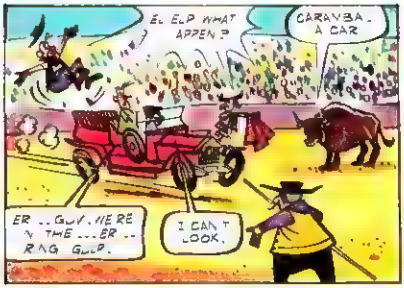
BASIL BRUSH

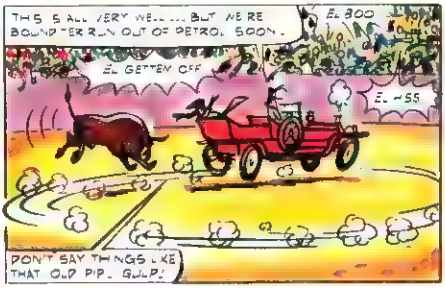

WELL HERE WE ARE N SPAIN CHUMMERS OLD BEAN.
I NEVER THOUGHT OLD BESSIE WOULD MAKE IT GUV
WELCOME TO SPAIN

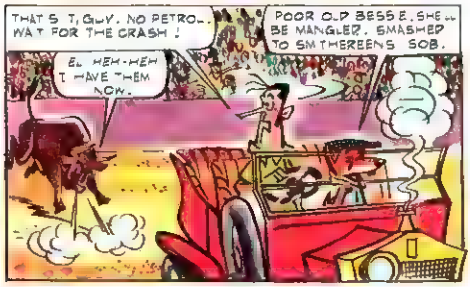

GREAT MINCED MATADORS A BULL FIGHT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE ONE OF THOSE CHUMMERS WE MUST GO SOME TIME.
TO THE BULLFIGHT
YES GUV

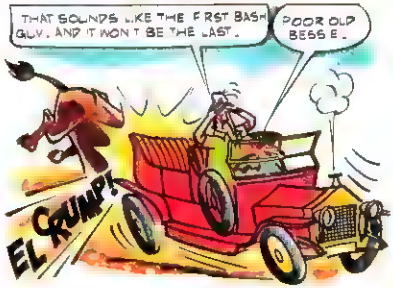

HELP I THINK WE'RE GONG TER SEE ONE SOONER THAN YER EXPECTED GUV... OLD BESSIES BRAKES AVE FAILED.
WH-WHAT?

EL ELP. EL GANGWAY
GULP I OPE THEY DON'T TRY 'ER STOP US FER TICKETS GUV
OH DEAR


EL ELP WHAT APPEN?
CARAMBA. A CAR
ER .. GUV .. WE'RE N THE ... ER .. RAG GULP.
I CAN'T LOOK.

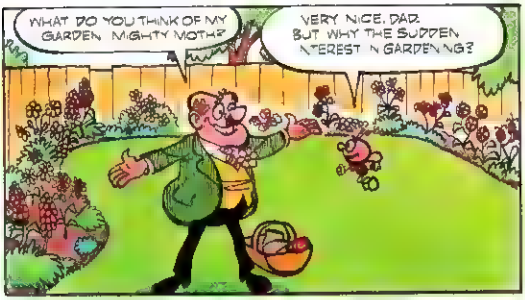

THIS S ALL VERY WELL .... BUT WE'RE BOUND TER RUN OUT OF PETROL SOON.
EL BOO
EL GETTEM OFF
EL HISS
DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT OLD PIP. GULP!

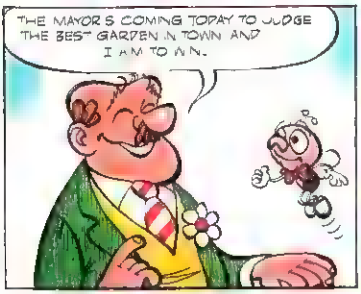

THAT'S TIGUV. NO PETROL WAIT FOR THE CRASH!
POOR OLD BESSIE. SHE BE MANGLED. SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS SOB.
EL HEH-HEH I HAVE THEM NOW.

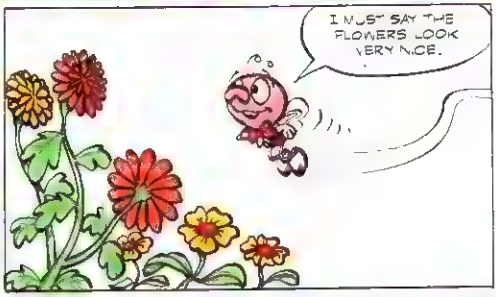

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE FIRST BASH GUV. AND IT WON'T BE THE LAST.
POOR OLD BESSIE.
EL CRUMP!

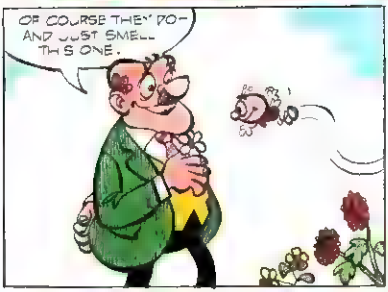
THAT'S STRANGE CHUMMERS OLD CHUM. THE BASHINGS STOPPED AT ONE.
GREAT TOPPING TOREADORS! THE BRUTE HAS ITS HORN STUCK IN THE EXHAUST. WE'RE SAVED CHUMMERS.
EL LUCKY AMIGOS.
I DO WISH HE'D STOP KICKING UP THE DUST THOUGH... MAKES THE OLD NOSE TWITCH.
EL FREE T.S. SNORT.
OH, NO. NOT A RED HANKIE GUV YOU'VE MADE THAT BRUTE SEE RED AND IT'S FREE NOW.
I SAY. LEAVE THAT HANKIE ALONE YOU BRUTE. THAT WAS A PRESENT FROM DEAR OLD AUNT RACHEL.
BAH. EL MISSED.
REALLY OLD CHAP! DO DESIST. IF YOU RIP THIS HANKIE AUNTIE WILL BE ANNOYED!
STRIKE ME PINK. THE GUV'S RISKIN' LIFE FER A HANKIE.
SIGH! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU YOU DUMB ANIMAL.
EL HAD IT. BURBLE.
LUVVLY. THE GUV'S DONE IT
BRAVO EL BAS.
OLÉ BAS.
BASIL EL GREATEST.
BASIL EL IDIOT!
YIKES! THE CROWD THINK THE GUV WAS ACTUALLY FIGHTING! GASP!
WELL GUV... YOU SURE MADE A HIT THERE. THEY ALL LUVS YER NOW.
THANKS TO DEAR OLD AUNTIE DON'T FORGET.
EL HEADY GUV.
BRAVO! EL BAS.
EL BASIL S EL GREATEST

MIGHTY MOTH


WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY GARDEN, MIGHTY MOTH?
VERY NICE, DAD. BUT WHY THE SUDDEN INTEREST IN GARDENING?

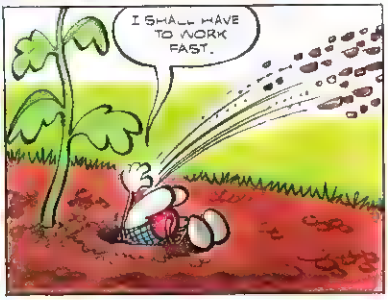

THE MAYOR'S COMING TODAY TO JUDGE THE BEST GARDEN IN TOWN AND I AM TO WIN.


I MUST SAY THE FLOWERS LOOK VERY NICE.


OF COURSE THEY DO— AND JUST SMELL THIS ONE.

HAR! HAR. HAR!
GLUG!
SQUIRT!
PRESS

THE MAYOR'S ARRIVED DEAR.


I SHALL HAVE TO WORK FAST.

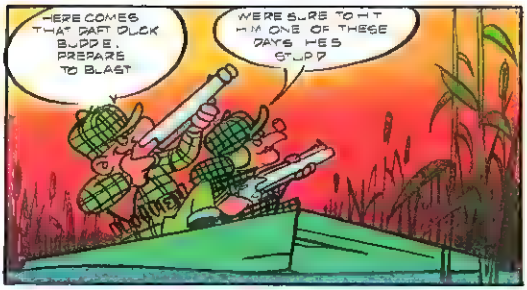
I'LL PLUG THESE DOWN FOR A LITTLE WHILE!
COME AND SEE MY BEAUTIFUL FLOWER BEDS MISTER MAYOR.
IS THIS SOME SORT OF JOKE? THERE'S NOT A FLOWER HERE
I'LL PUT THE HOSE DOWN THIS HOLE
BUT I ASSURE YOU, SIR, I... I.
TEE-HEE! NOW I'LL TURN THE WATER ON.
URG!
TAKE THAT FOR WATERING HIS WORSHIP.

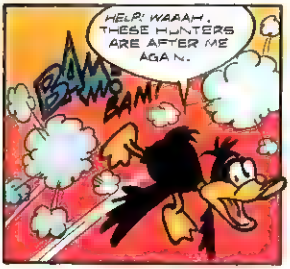
Larry Harmon's
Laurel and Hardy
THIS ADMISSION CHARGE WILL TAKE ALL THE CASH WE HAVE. I HOPE THIS JUST TO CLAW CASTLE WILL BE WORTH
CLAW CASTLE
15p
OH BOY LOOK AT ALL THIS LOVELY GRUB I'M STARVING
YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY THAT WAY WE'RE BROKE NOW REMEMBER?
HAMBURGERS
SIZZLE
SIZZLE
HOT DOGS
I KNOW HOW WE CAN PRUM UP SOME MONEY... FIRST I'LL STAND THESE CANNON RAMMERS UP
YOU'RE A GENIUS OLIE... WE SOON HAVE ENOUGH CASH TO BUY ALL THE GRUB WE CAN EAT
TEN PIN BOWLING 5p A GAME
A LITTLE LATER
BAH NOBODY SEEMS TO BE INTERESTED... WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT
TEN PIN BOWLING 5p A GAME
THE ANSWER'S EASY OLIE YOU AND I WILL HAVE A GAME BETWEEN US AND SHOW EVERYONE HOW EXCITING BOWLING CAN BE
GOOD IDEA STAN
TEN PIN BOWLING 5p A GAME
SO
Trundle
OH DEAR
Trundle

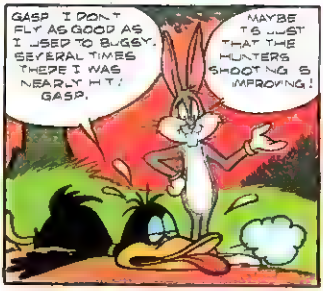
1971 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

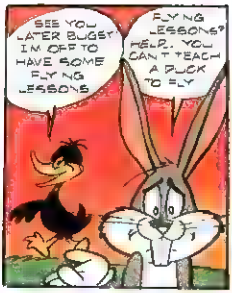
I CAN'T EXACTLY PIN IT DOWN STANLEY BUT IT STRIKES ME SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THAT SHOT.
YEEAAGH!
SLIP!
WOA!
SKITTLE
KLONK! BONK!
ONE THING'S FOR SURE, THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY BOWLED OVER BY THE HUMOUR OF THE SITUATION
WE'D BETTER CALM THEM DOWN QUICKLY OR WE'RE FOR IT.
CATAPULT
GROWL!
WHOOPS, I'VE KNOCKED THE GAME DOWN
SLICE!
THUD!
BONK, KLUNK AND BANG GO OUR CHANCES OF CALMING 'EM DOWN
CATAPULT
TERWAAANG!
BONK!
KLUNK!
BONK!
OOPH!
GNN!
AND SO...
TREMBLE TREMBLE
WE'VE GOT TO CALM THEM DOWN OR WE'RE STUCKS
YEAH AND THEN WHAT THEN?
WE'RE GETTING GRUB AFTER ALL STAN BUT IT'S NOT EXACTLY THE WAY I LIKE IT SERVED
SPLAT!
SPLURT!
HOW D'YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS MATE?
TOMATO COMING UP

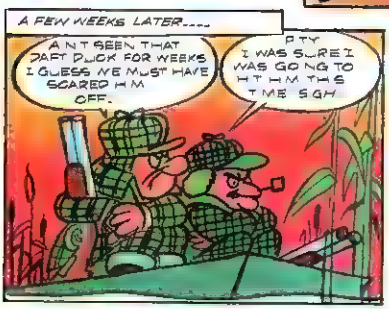
The BUGS BUNNY Show

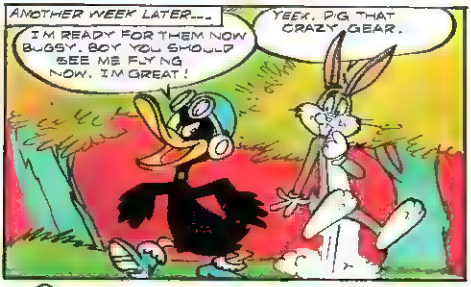


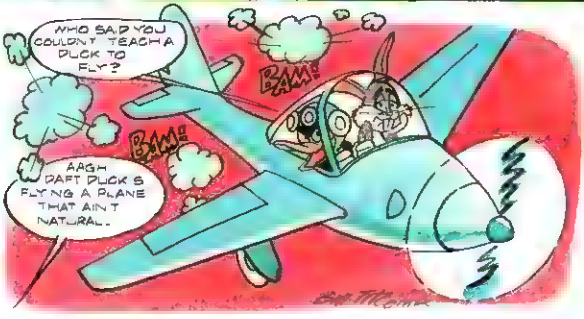



GASP I DON'T FLY AS GOOD AS I USED TO BUGSY. SEVERAL TIMES THERE I WAS NEARLY HIT. GASP.
MAYBE IT'S JUST THAT THE HUNTERS SHOOTING IS IMPROVING!




A FEW WEEKS LATER....
AIN'T SEEN THAT DAFT DUCK FOR WEEKS I GUESS WE MUST HAVE SCARED HIM OFF.
I WAS S..RE I WAS GOING TO HIT HIM THIS TIME SIGH





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SKIPPY

the bush kangaroo

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The Little Aborigine

IT was Skippy, the little bush kangaroo, who saw the balloon first. She looked up and there it was, a huge red globe with a wicker basket suspended by ropes beneath it, sailing majestically along just above the topmost branches of the tall blue gum trees which surrounded the forest clearing she was in.

Skippy was astonished as she had never seen such a curious sight in her life. For several seconds she stared in fascination, then she uttered a loud squeak and thumped her tail on the ground.

Sonny, who was nearby and who had been admiring the brilliant pink plumage of a galah bird as it sat preening itself on a slender branch of a treefern, glanced up and then he too stared.

Silently the balloon glided overhead. For a moment they glimpsed a dusky face peering down at them over the rim of the basket. Then the balloon bumped gently against a eucalyptus tree and vanished from sight.

When Sonny had set out with Skippy that morning from the bungalow on the game reserve where they lived, he had intended to go bird watching, but with the sudden arrival of the balloon all such thoughts were banished from his mind.

"Come on, Skippy," he gasped when he had regained his breath from the surprise. "That balloon is coming down. We're going to see where it has landed."

They pushed their way through a tangle of bottle brush and mulga to the edge of the forest and then emerged into open country. There, only a hundred yards away, was the balloon. It lay limp and rather forlorn on the ground as the big red envelope of the balloon itself slowly deflated.

Rather cautiously they approached and peered into the wicker basket. In it was a coil of rope, one or two sandbags, and a big hook that looked rather like a sea anchor, but of the recent occupant there was no trace.

Carefully, Skippy nosed all round the basket, then she lifted puzzled eyes to look at Sonny.

"I know exactly what you're thinking, Skippy," said Sonny. "We certainly saw somebody in this basket, yet nobody is here now, and what is even more strange, I can't see any tracks on the ground!"

They examined the light sandy earth again, but as Sonny had said, there was not a trace of a footprint to be seen anywhere.

"Well, this really is strange," he continued. "There's a mystery here that needs investigating—" He broke off suddenly as a thought occurred to him

"Gosh, do you remember as we set out we saw Sergeant Watson over by Kookaburra Creek? He was watching the sky with a pair of field-glasses. I bet you anything you like he was looking for this balloon."

Hastily, Sonny wrote a note on a page of a notebook he had with him, and popped it into Skippy's pouch.

"Go and see if you can find the sergeant," he said. "I'll stay here and keep watch."

Skippy was off in a flash; her strong legs propelling her over the ground in the giant-sized leaps she could take when travelling at full speed

Sonny sat down and pondered the mystery, but try as he might he could think of no solution as to how whoever had been in the basket could have managed to disappear without leaving any tracks.

He was still racking his brain for an explanation when Skippy came bounding back with the police sergeant in his Land-Rover close behind her.

Sonny knew the friendly police officer well and was very pleased to see him arrive.

"You guessed right, Sonny," said the sergeant as he climbed from his vehicle. "I was looking for this balloon and a very unusual passenger who was travelling in it. We'd been warned this morning by the Northern Territories police that it could be drifting this way."

The sergeant knelt down and began to inspect the ground around the balloon.

"It seems this balloon was being used by some blokes on a survey in the desert up north," he continued. "Anyway, they'd moored it for the night by their camp when a nor'wester wind sprang up and it broke free. As they struggled to

hold it they spotted that someone was in the basket."

"Who was it?" asked Sonny eagerly.

"Well, the light was bad, of course, but believe it or not, they were pretty certain it was a young aborigine lad."

"Golly," exclaimed Sonny. "There are a few tribes of wild abos still up north in the desert, aren't there?"

"Yes," replied the sergeant. "It's very unusual for them to come near a white man's camp, of course, but probably the boy was fascinated by the balloon and crept into the camp to examine it. He must have been in the basket when the balloon broke free and——"

He stopped speaking abruptly and, bending even lower, peered intently at the dust. Then he straightened up and lifted his gaze across the open land ahead of them to a rocky, scrub-covered hill which stood completely isolated some way off.

"Guess they were right," he muttered almost to himself. "It was an abo and he's over there on that hill somewhere right now."

Sonny and Skippy followed the sergeant as he started towards the hill, still examining the ground closely as he moved.

"How do you know all that?" asked Sonny. "I can't see any tracks!"

"They're there right enough, Sonny," chuckled the sergeant. "It's an old aborigine trick that has been used. They tie rabbit skins to their feet with the fur outward, and then as they walk very lightly it leaves practically no mark. Look, you can just see where the dust has been stirred. The boy has gone to that hill, and you would have seen him if he had tried to get away again."

They reached the base of the hill. "You'd better stay here," he said. "I'll find him and fetch him down."

Sonny stared thoughtfully at the slope. There was no sign of movement, but he knew that somewhere up there was a boy who, all his life, had known only the freedom of the wide desert to roam in. "He's probably very frightened," he said. "What will happen to him once you catch him, Sergeant?"

A worried frown darkened the sergeant's normally cheerful face. "Matter o' fact," he replied heavily, "that's something I'm rather worried about. Of course, we'll take him back to his own territory, but he won't understand that we're trying to help him. He'll be scared stiff all the time, and that could do him a lot of harm."

"Couldn't he find his own way home?" Sonny wanted to know.

"Oh, yes – I'm pretty certain he could. Take him weeks, but aborigines have a wonderful sense of direction. I reckon he'd make it okay."

"Then can't you just let him go?" Sonny persisted. "He's done no harm really."

"If it was left to me, I would, but orders are orders. 'Fraid it's my duty to take him in." With that, the sergeant started up the slope.

They watched him climb, picking his way carefully up over the loose stone ground and

between rough boulders. When he reached half way he stopped and, cupping his hands to his mouth, called out.

"Come on, little abo," he shouted. "I know you're there! Just come on down, I want to help you!"

The only reply was a raucous shriek from an indignant white cockatoo which rose in the air from behind a clump of pitcher-plants and flapped its way heavily up into the clear blue sky. The sergeant sighed and moved upward again.

"Come on, Skippy," whispered Sonny. "If he sees us with the sergeant maybe he'll realise we mean no harm and he'll come down." Together, they started up the slope after the sergeant – and it was then it happened.

Suddenly, from a dense growth of wax-plants and bottle brush near the top of the hill came a boomerang. It sailed gracefully through the air and curved above the sergeant's head.

As it skimmed above him, the sergeant ducked and stumbled against a pile of loose rocks close by. As two or three of the rocks fell, a long slender shape suddenly shot out and stabbed viciously at the sergeant's arm.

"I've been bitten by a tiger snake!" he gasped. Clutching at his arm he stepped backward. Loose shale crumbled beneath his feet and he lost his balance. In a miniature avalanche of stone and rocks, he came rolling back down the slope. The snake slithered away under a boulder.

Skippy was the first to reach him. Gently, she nuzzled him with her soft nose, but the sergeant did not stir. He had struck his head against a rock and was unconscious.

Sonny was only moments later, but as he knelt beside the sergeant he could see that already there was an ugly swelling on the sergeant's arm where he had been bitten. Skippy squeaked anxiously and hopped up and down with agitation.

Bravely, Sonny fought back a feeling of panic and then rapidly wrote a note. "I'm going to put a tourniquet on the sergeant's arm," he said, trying to keep his voice calm. "You must take this

note to Dad, Skippy. Be as quick as you can, every moment counts!"

Skippy was away in a flash, her strong legs working like pistons and carrying her across the ground in enormous jumps.

Remembering the first-aid his father had taught him, Sonny started to bind his handkerchief to form a tourniquet around the sergeant's arm. Then a shadow fell across him

Startled, he looked up and there stood the young aborigine boy. He was a little older than Sonny, tall and wiry, and his only clothing was a loin cloth wrapped round his waist.

He had picked up the boomerang, and for a moment Sonny thought he would attack, but then he saw the concern in the dark boy's eyes as he looked down at the stricken sergeant.

The aborigine knelt down and carefully examined the sergeant's arm. Sonny noticed that he had a bunch of leaves and berries with him the like of which he had never seen before.

Carefully, the boy squeezed juice from the berries onto the bite then covered it with the broad leaves he had, and bound them on with a thin strip of hide which he drew from his waistband.

The sergeant stirred and groaned. His breathing was heavy and he seemed to be in the grip of a fever.

Mystified, Sonny watched as the boy squeezed more juice into a little cup he had made from one of the leaves and then gave the sergeant the tiny drink.

"You saw the sergeant get bitten and you came down to help, didn't you?" said Sonny.

The dark boy seemed to understand. He said something in his strange and ancient language, smiled, and then, squatting by the sergeant, watched him motionlessly

As they watched, the fever seemed to pass and the police officer's breathing became easier. He stretched and relaxed, then seemed to fall into a natural sleep.

How long they sat there, Sonny couldn't be certain, but at last he heard the beat of a helicopter's

blades fanning the air and he looked up.

"It's Jerry," he cried with relief. "Skippy must have got the message to Dad and he's come over with Jerry in the chopper." Jumping up, he started waving frantically to attract their attention.

Moments later the helicopter had landed and Skippy came bounding towards him. Then out climbed his father, Matt Hammond – the game warden of the reserve; Jerry King, the helicopter pilot, and Doctor White, whom they had collected from the local township of Coolbar. They all came hurrying up.

The doctor examined the sergeant at once and a puzzled frown crept across his face. "I was afraid, from what you'd written in your note, that we'd be too late, Sonny. The bite of a tiger snake can be fatal. But I'm pleased to say the sergeant seems to be in pretty good shape, all things considered. There are no symptoms of poisoning at all."

He paused for a moment as he noticed the leaves bound around the sergeant's arm. "Who put these on?" he asked.

"The aborigine boy," said Sonny. "He gave the sergeant some juice from berries to drink, too."

"What aborigine boy?" asked Matt as he helped the doctor unfold a stretcher.

"Why, this one——" Sonny broke off as he glanced round. There was no trace of his dark-skinned companion at all.

Skippy looked up the slope and squeaked. Sonny glanced at his father, but Matt hadn't noticed, he was busy lifting the sergeant onto the stretcher. "Yes, Skippy," whispered Sonny, "I know he's gone up the hill to hide again, but let's leave him in peace now."

"Well, you can tell us all about it when we get the sergeant back to the bungalow," said his father. "You and Skippy go back with Jerry in the helicopter. I'll drive back with the sergeant and the Doc in the Land-Rover."

It was an hour later, and they were all back at the bungalow when Sonny and Skippy were allowed into the room where the sergeant was in bed.

He was sitting propped up against pillows as they entered, and apart from the bump on his head looked little the worse for his adventure.

"Guess I owe you two a big vote of thanks," he said. "You just about saved my life I reckon."

"It wasn't us," said Sonny. "It was that aborigine boy, he knew what to do."

"He certainly did," said the doctor with a broad smile. "You won't find his cure for snake bite in any medical book, but the aborigines have knowledge of things we don't understand yet."

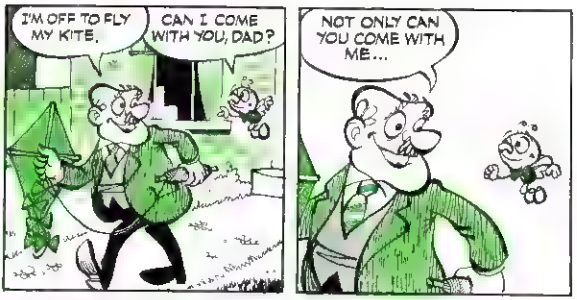
"Anyway, I'm glad you're better, Sergeant – but I think we'd better go now," said Sonny as he backed towards the door.

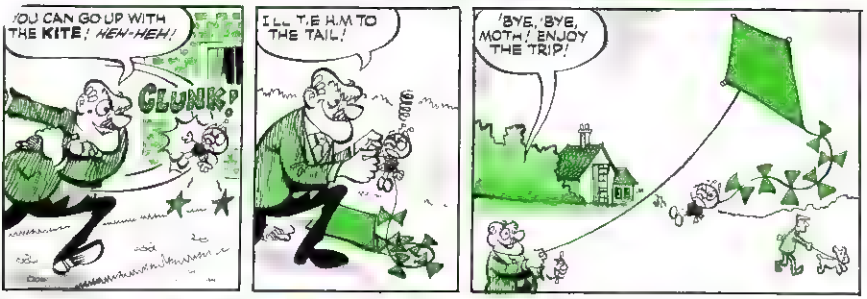
"Oh, no you don't, young man," said his father in a stern voice. "Why didn't you tell us the sergeant was after that aborigine boy? With the helicopter there it would have been easy for us to catch him."

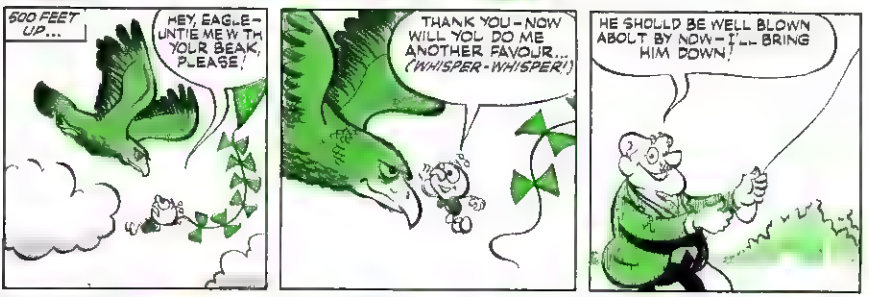
Sonny looked rather guilty but there was no hope of escape. "I'm sorry, Dad, but he . . . he sort of belonged out there . . ." He stopped as he saw that his father and the sergeant were smiling.

"We understand, Sonny," said the sergeant. "You and Skippy did a fine job between you and I'm not sorry it worked out that way."

MIGHTY MOTH

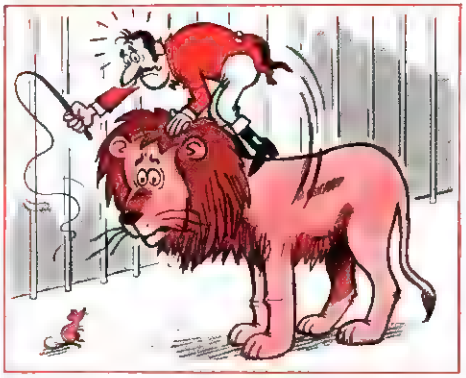

I'M OFF TO FLY MY KITE.
CAN I COME WITH YOU, DAD?
NOT ONLY CAN YOU COME WITH ME...


YOU CAN GO UP WITH THE KITE! HEW-HEW!
CLUNK!
I'LL TIE H.M TO THE TAIL!
'BYE, 'BYE, MOTH! ENJOY THE TRIP!


500 FEET UP...
HEY, EAGLE-UNTIE ME WITH YOUR BEAK, PLEASE!
THANK YOU - NOW WILL YOU DO ME ANOTHER FAVOUR... (WHISPER-WHISPER!)
HE SHOULD BE WELL BLOWN ABOUT BY NOW - I'LL BRING HIM DOWN!

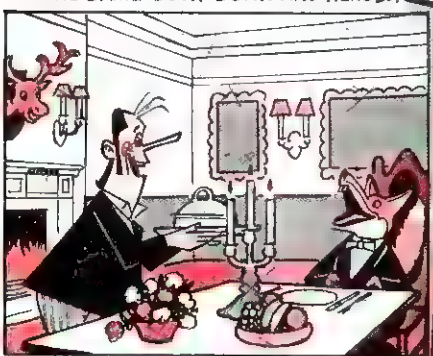
OH, NO!
I'LL GO HOME AND GET TEA - I'VE A FEELING DAD'S GOING TO BE A BIT PECKISH SOON!

CIRCUS CHUCKLES

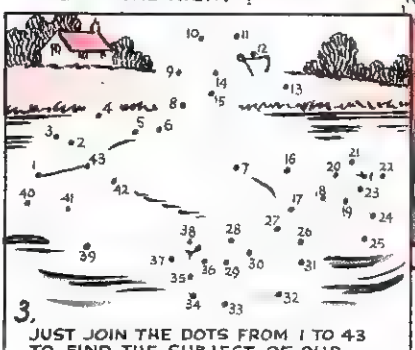


Basil Brush's PUZZLE PAGE

1. BY FITTING THESE SMALL FOUR LETTER SQUARES TOGETHER YOU CAN MAKE A WORD-SQUARE THAT READS THE SAME BOTH DOWN AND ACROSS.



2. HOW MANY THINGS ARE DIFFERENT IN THIS PICTURE COMPARED TO THE ONE AT THE RIGHT ?



3. JUST JOIN THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 43 TO FIND THE SUBJECT OF OUR DOTTY PUZZLE

WHAT HAS FOUR LEGS BUT ONLY ONE FOOT?

4. LOOK HARD AT THESE RINGS AS YOU ROTATE THE PAGE IN SMALL CIRCLES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

ANSWERS

1. REAP — 2. THERE ARE AT LEAST 14 :– STAGS HORNS, LIGHTS, FIREPLACE, CHUMMERS, FACE AND TUREEN, VASE, EARL, FLOWERS, CANDLESTICK, CANDLES, FRUIT, AREA, BOWL, BASIL'S BOW AND ARM, CUTLERY, ETC. LAY

3. IS A SWAN AND 4 THE PLAIN WHEELS WILL APPEAR TO REVOLVE TWO CYGNETS QUICKLY IN ONE DIRECTION AND THE OTHERS SLOWLY IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

RIDDLE :– A RED.

TV Terrors

YEOW!
OW!
WHUMP!
GRR. HOPPIT TERRORS: NO ONE IS ALLOWED N ALONG AS I'M HERE.

LIFE WOULD BE A LOT EASIER IF HOPPIT WASN'T SO BAD-TEMPERED!
IT SAYS HERE THAT A HOT BATH MAKES YOU RELAXED AND MORE CHEERFUL.

LET'S GIVE HOPPIT A HOT BATH - ANYTHING'S WORTH A TRY!

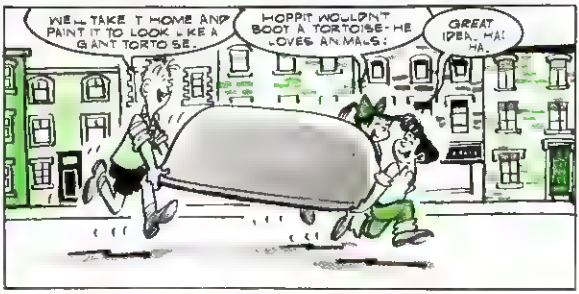
ALL TOGETHER, NOW - PUSH!
WHIZZ!

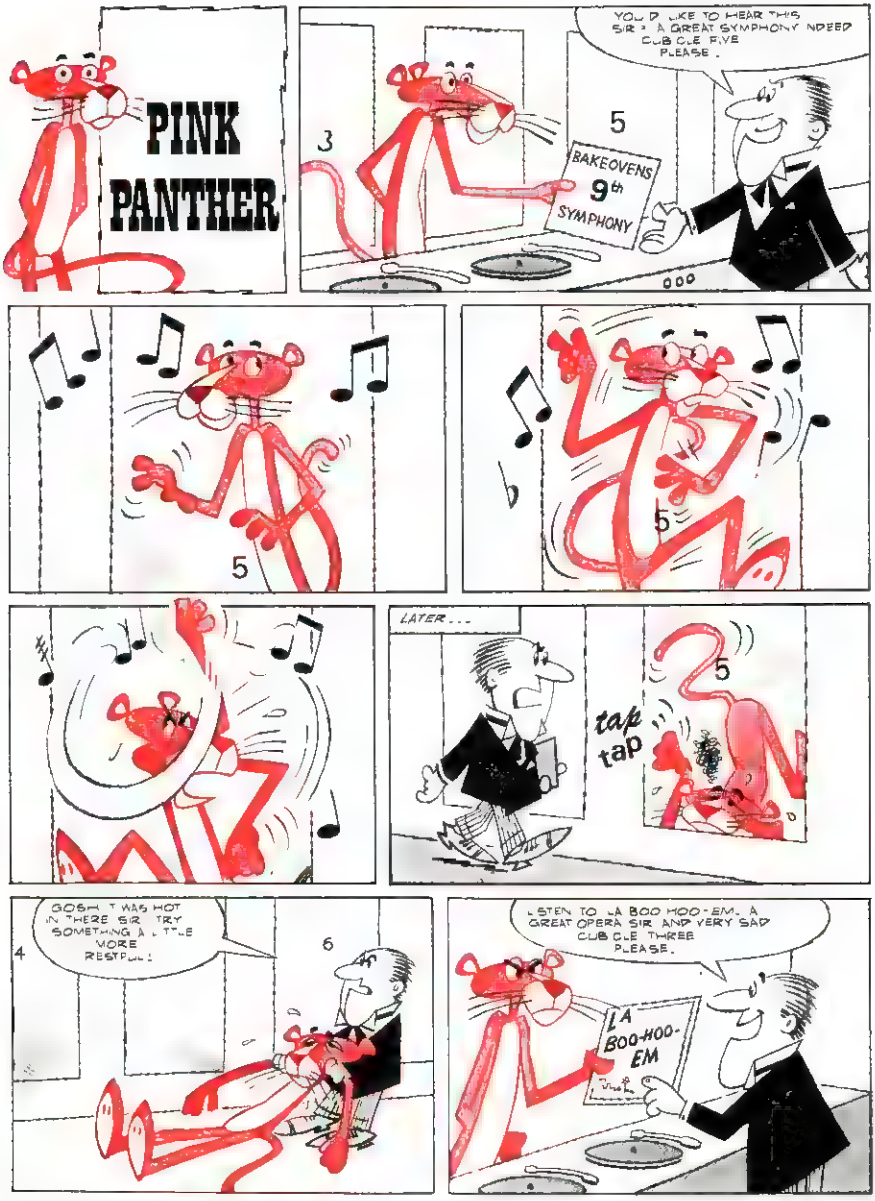
AWK!
SPLOSH!

YEEAAGH! IT'S TOO HOT! I'M BURNING UP!
GULP! I DON'T THINK THAT BATH'S IMPROVING HOPPIT'S TEMPER.

GRR!
ON THE CONTRARY - I THINK HE'S EVEN MORE BAD-TEMPERED!
CLANG!

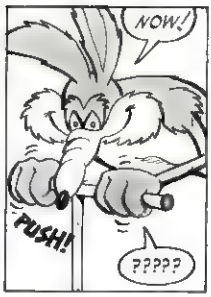
HALF A MO, KIDS. THAT BATH'S GIVEN ME ANOTHER IDEA.

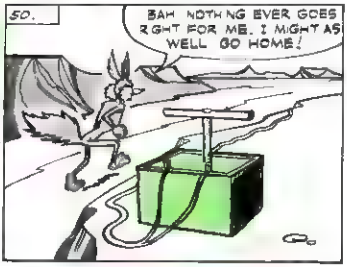

WELL TAKE IT HOME AND PAINT IT TO LOOK LIKE A GIANT TORTOISE.
HOPPIT WOULDN'T BOOT A TORTOISE - HE LOVES ANIMALS!
GREAT IDEA... HA! HA

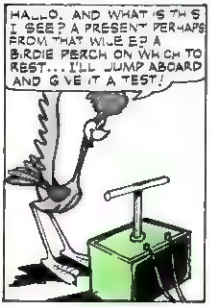
LATER...
STONE THE TOES, WHAT'S THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT TORTOISE!
I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT A TORTOISE LOOKED LIKE UNDERNEATH - NOW'S MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT.
THE TERRORS!
H-HOPPIT!
HELP, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
HO! HO! D'D YOU EVER SEE A TORTOISE MOVE THAT FAST?
ZOOM!
CHEER UP, KIDS. I'VE ANOTHER IDEA. LET'S PAINT A HORRIBLE FACE ON THE BATH AND SCARE OFF HOPPIT.
SO...
FEE-FI-FO-FUM, I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A B & B DOORMAN!
?
AND I SMELL THREE TERRORS - AND I'M AFTER THEIR BLOOD!
ER- YOU WEREN'T MEANT TO LOOK OVER THE TOP HOPPIT!
NO HOPPIT! STOP. WAIT.
?
IT'S THE PRODUCER!
COME ALONG IN KIDS. I COULD USE YOUR BATH IN THE NEXT SCENE. ONE OF THE MONSTERS HASN'T TURNED UP.
NOW FILMING THE CURSE OF FREDDIESTEIN
GRR!
DON'T KNOW WHY THEY DIDN'T ASK HOPPIT TO BE A MONSTER - HE WOULDN'T NEED A MASK OR MAKE UP.
WE'LL GIVE YOU OUR AUTOGRAPHS AFTERWARDS, HOPPIT.

© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D F 1964

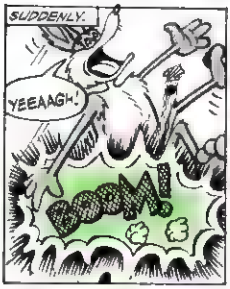
SNIFF!
3
3
BANG! BANG!
OH DEAR TROUBLE 'N NUMBER THREE
BETTER LET THE HOSPITAL HAVE A LOOK AT HIM!
AT THE HOSPITAL...
SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY HERE RELAX AND LISTEN TO SOME MUSIC!
ER... NURSE BED NUMBER FIVE WANTS THE EARPHONES REMOVED

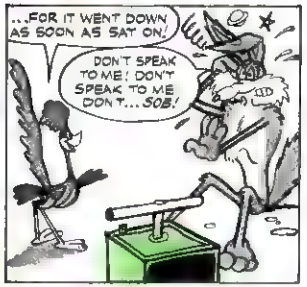
BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER






HALLO. AND WHAT IS THIS I SEE? A PRESENT PERHAPS FROM THAT WILE E? A BIRDIE PERCH ON WHICH TO REST... I'LL JUMP ABOARD AND GIVE IT A TEST!





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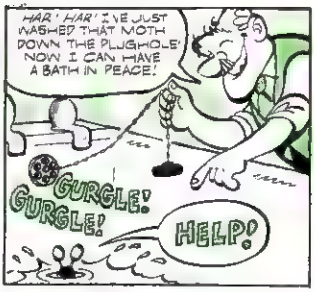
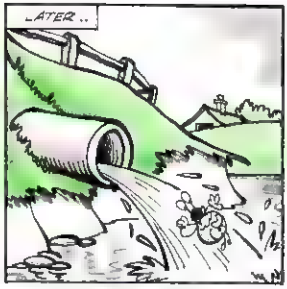
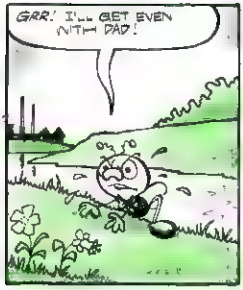
MIGHTY MOTH


HAR! HAR! I'VE JUST WASHED THAT MOTH DOWN THE PLUGHOLE! NOW I CAN HAVE A BATH IN PEACE!
GURGLE! GURGLE!
HELP!

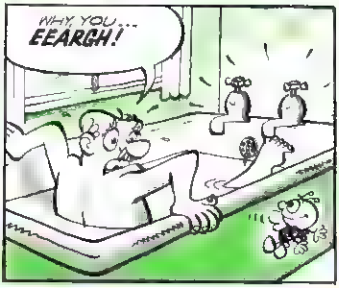

LATER..


GRR! I'LL GET EVEN WITH DAD!

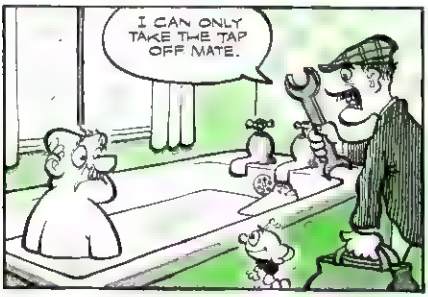
AH. HE'S TAKING A NAP IN THE BATH.
ZZZ

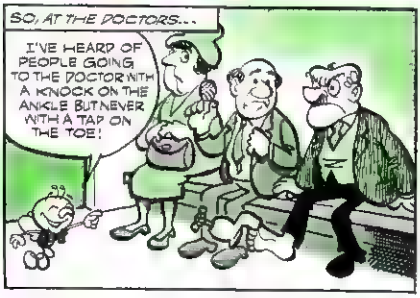
I'LL LIFT HIS FOOT AND STICK HIS TOE IN THE TAP!

HEY DAD! WAKE UP!
EH?

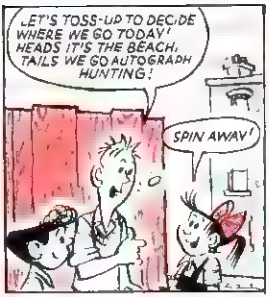

WHY YOU...
EEARGH!

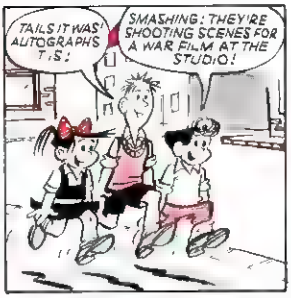
DON'T JUST FLUTTER THERE! CALL A PLUMBER!

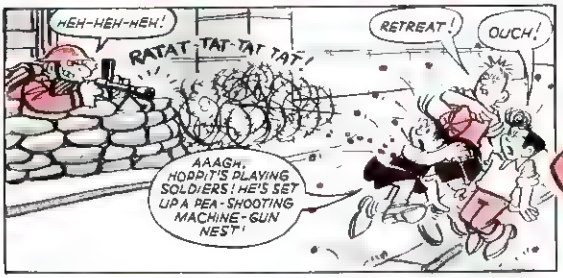

I CAN ONLY TAKE THE TAP OFF MATE.

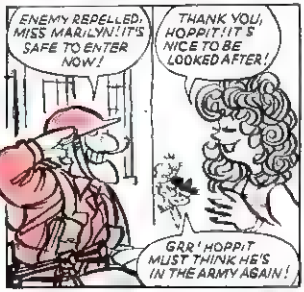

SO, AT THE DOCTORS...
I'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE GOING TO THE DOCTOR WITH A KNOCK ON THE ANKLE BUT NEVER WITH A TAP ON THE TOE!

TV TERRORS

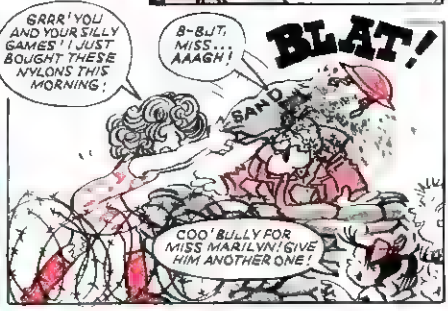

LET'S TOSS-UP TO DECIDE WHERE WE GO TODAY! HEADS IT'S THE BEACH, TAILS WE GO AUTOGRAPH HUNTING!
SPIN AWAY!

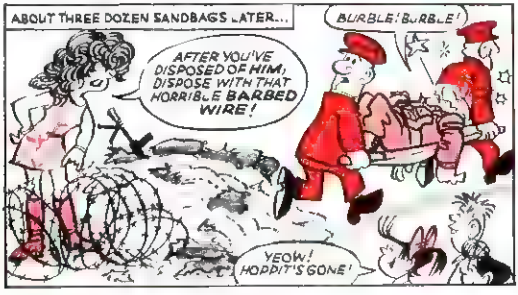

TAILS IT WAS! AUTOGRAPHS T.I.S.!
SMASHING! THEY'RE SHOOTING SCENES FOR A WAR FILM AT THE STUDIO!

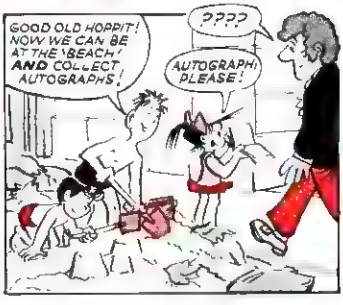

HEH-HEH-HEH!
RATAT-TAT-TAT TAT!
RETREAT!
OUCH!
AAAGH, HOPPIT'S PLAYING SOLDIERS! HE'S SET UP A PEA-SHOOTING MACHINE-GUN NEST!


ENEMY REPELLED: MISS MARILYN! IT'S SAFE TO ENTER NOW!
THANK YOU, HOPPIT! IT'S NICE TO BE LOOKED AFTER!
GRR! HOPPIT MUST THINK HE'S IN THE ARMY AGAIN!

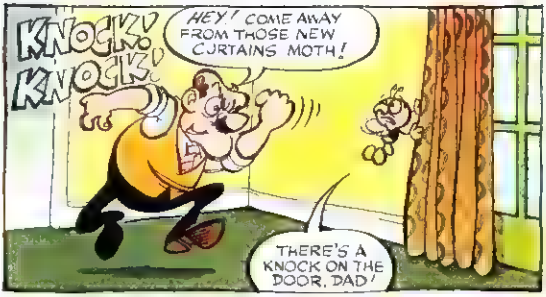
YEEEEEK! MY NYLONS!
GULP! IT'S THE BARBED WIRE, MISS MARILYN! TRICKY STUFF!
RIP!

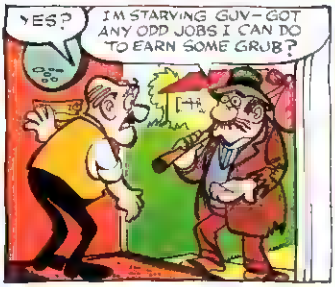

GRRR! YOU AND YOUR SILLY GAMES! I JUST BOUGHT THESE NYLONS THIS MORNING!
B-BUT, MISS... AAAGH!
BLAT!
SAND
COO! BULLY FOR MISS MARILYN! GIVE HIM ANOTHER ONE!

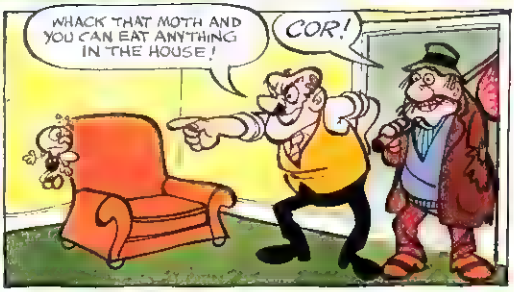

ABOUT THREE DOZEN SANDBAGS LATER...
AFTER YOU'VE DISPOSED OF HIM, DISPOSE WITH THAT HORRIBLE BARBED WIRE!
BURBLE! BURBLE!
YEOW! HOPPIT'S GONE!


GOOD OLD HOPPIT! NOW WE CAN BE AT THE 'BEACH' AND COLLECT AUTOGRAPHS!
????
AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE!

MIGHTY MOTH

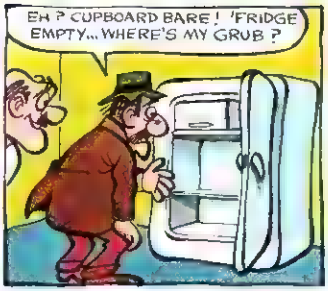

KNOCK! KNOCK!
HEY! COME AWAY FROM THOSE NEW CURTAINS MOTH!
THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, DAD!

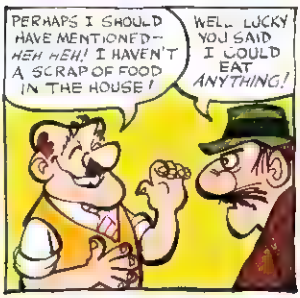

YES?
I'M STARVING GUV—GOT ANY ODD JOBS I CAN DO TO EARN SOME GRUB?

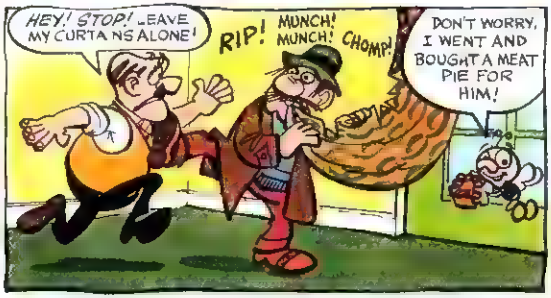

WHACK THAT MOTH AND YOU CAN EAT ANYTHING IN THE HOUSE!
COR!

CLUNK!

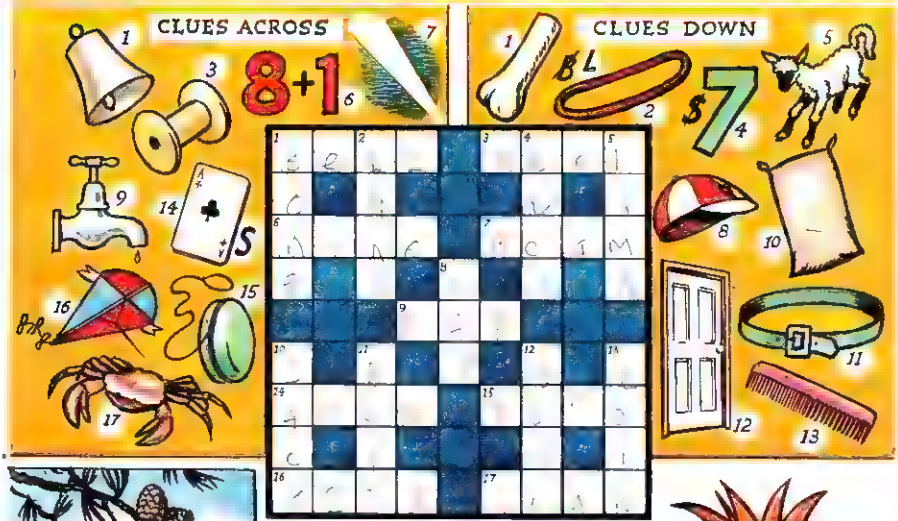
WELL DONE — HELP YOURSELF!


EH? CUPBOARD BARE! 'FRIDGE EMPTY... WHERE'S MY GRUB?

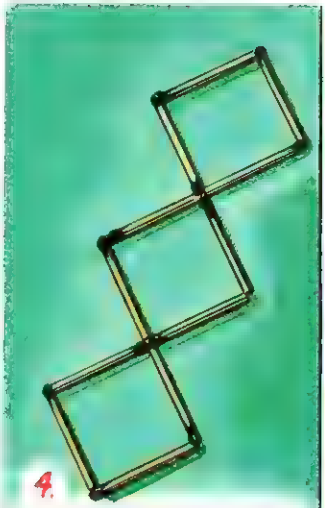

PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED— HEH HEH! I HAVEN'T A SCRAP OF FOOD IN THE HOUSE!
WELL LUCKY YOU SAID I COULD EAT ANYTHING!


HEY! STOP! LEAVE MY CURTAINS ALONE!
RIP!
MUNCH! MUNCH! CHOMP!
DON'T WORRY, I WENT AND BOUGHT A MEAT PIE FOR HIM!

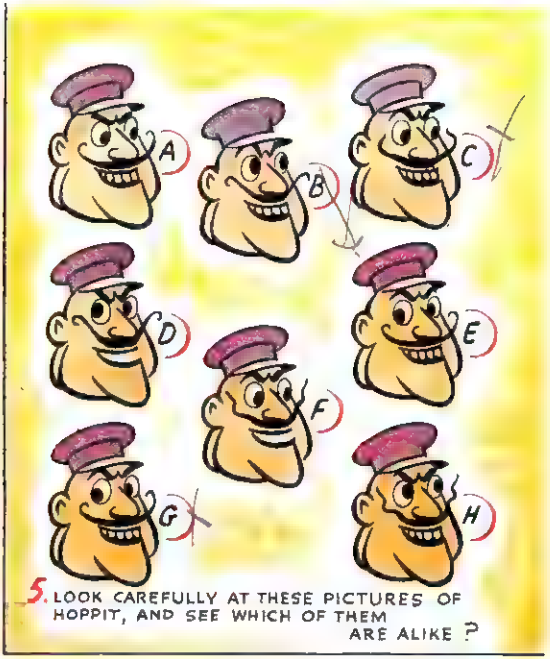
Puzzle Corner



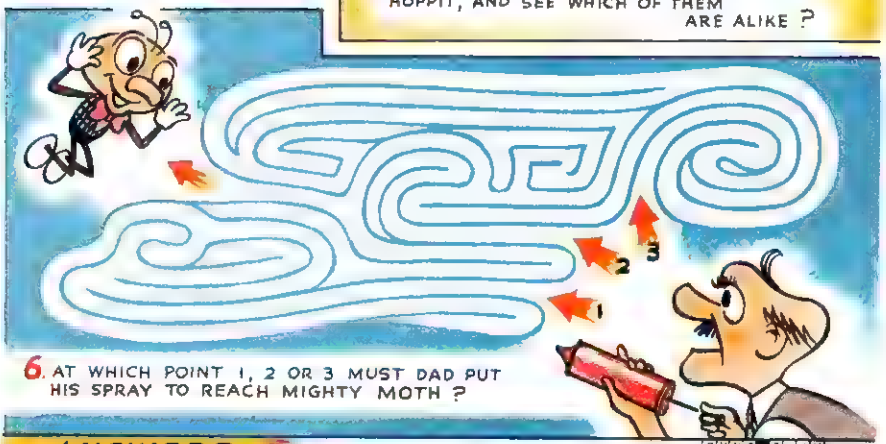
2 HOW MANY OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER 'C' CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE ?



4. TAKE TWELVE USED MATCHES AND ARRANGE THEM LIKE THIS. THEN BY MOVING ONLY FOUR OF THEM MAKE A SQUARE OF FOUR SMALLER SQUARES.



5. LOOK CAREFULLY AT THESE PICTURES OF HOPPIT, AND SEE WHICH OF THEM ARE ALIKE ?



6. AT WHICH POINT 1, 2 OR 3 MUST DAD PUT HIS SPRAY TO REACH MIGHTY MOTH ?

ANSWERS

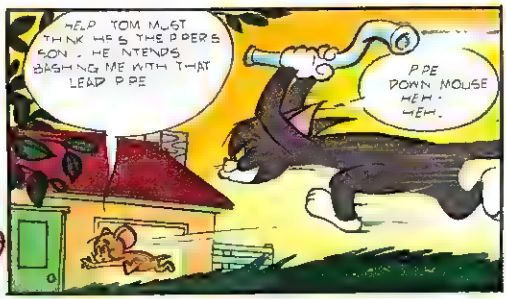
2. THERE ARE AT LEAST 19 :– CONES, CASTLE, CAFE, COTTAGE, CHIMNEY, CHURCH, CAR, CARAVAN, CYCLE, CHAIRS, CANOE, CYGNETS, CLOTH, CHICKEN, CUP, CUTHBERT, CAKE, QUIET, CORKSCREW. — BUT YOU COULD FIND SOME MORE.

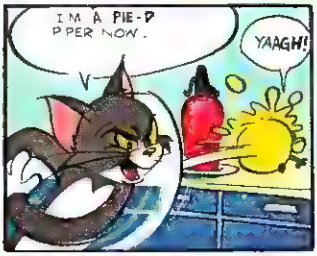
BUTTONS RIDDLE :– A RAILWAY LINE

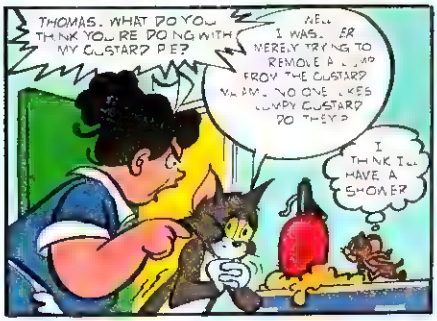
5 E AND G ARE THE ONLY TWO ALIKE.

6 NUMBER 3

Tom and Jerry






THOMAS . WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING WITH MY CUSTARD PIE?
WELL I WAS . ER MERELY TRYING TO REMOVE A LUMP FROM THE CUSTARD WHAM . NO ONE LIKES LUMPY CUSTARD DO THEY?
I THINK I'LL HAVE A SHOWER

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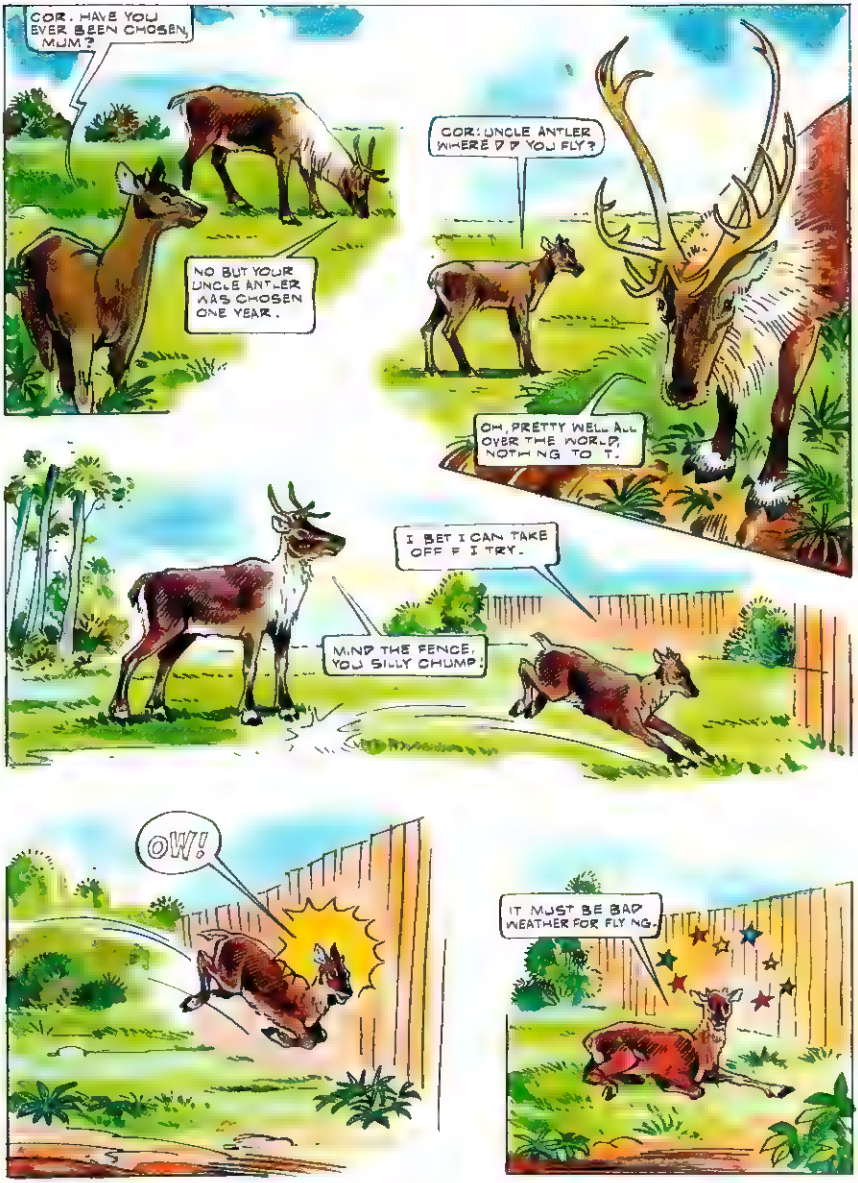
LET'S SEE YOU REMOVE THOSE JUMPS SAFE
GRR I'M GOING TO REMOVE A CERTAIN MOUSE FIRST
GULP!
YIKE
SO DA SO GOOD
YOU'VE HAD IT THIS TIME, MOUSE. I DON'T LIKE SODA!
TOM'S REALLY FIZZING!
LET'S BE FRIENDS TOM. LET'S SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE
FORGET IT MOUSE IT JUST ISN'T NATURAL FOR CATS AND MICE TO BE FRIENDS FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER WE HAVE BEEN NATURAL FOES
OH, VERY WELL THEN ..
YEEOW
THROB THROB THROB!
OOGH ARGH!
CRACK
TOM'S COOKING POT
POOR TOM. THAT CAT'S HAVING A PIPE DREAM NOW SOME CATS JUST WON'T LEARN

Animal Magic

by Johnny Morris

There is a small herd of reindeer at the Zoo and they are very quiet and gentle. People take very little notice of them except at Christmas time.

YOU WOULDN'T THINK THAT THOSE REINDEER COULD FLY, WOULD YOU?
NO THERE ARE SOME FUNNY GOINGS ON AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.
MUM, THAT LITTLE BOY SAID HE COULD FLY. IS THAT RIGHT?
QUESTIONS QUESTIONS ALL THE TIME.
WELL CAN WE?
NOT AS A RULE!
DOES THAT MEAN WE CAN FLY SOMETIMES?
ONLY IF YOU ARE SPECIALLY CHOSEN BY MR CHRISTMAS TO PULL HIS SLEIGH


COR. HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CHOSEN, MUM?
NO BUT YOUR UNCLE ANTLER WAS CHOSEN ONE YEAR.
COR! UNCLE ANTLER WHERE D'D YOU FLY?
OH, PRETTY WELL ALL OVER THE WORLD, NOTH'NG TO IT.
I BET I CAN TAKE OFF IF I TRY.
MIND THE FENCE, YOU SILLY CHUMP!
OW!
IT MUST BE BAD WEATHER FOR FLY'NG.

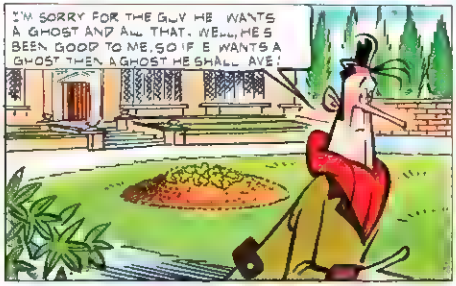
BASIL BRUSH

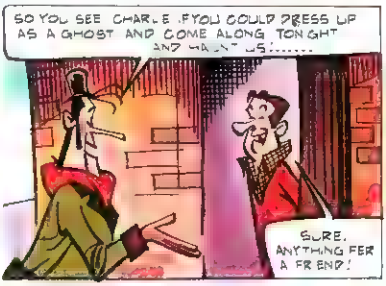
I SAY CHUMMERS T SAYS HERE THERE S A TV COMPANY LOOK NG FOR A STATELY HOME TO FILM FOR THE TELLY THE OWNER COULD BECOME RICH AND FAMOUS.
WHY DON'T YOU APPLY THEN GUV?

AH BUT THERE S A SNAG CHUMMERS. THEY NEST ON THE STATELY HOME HAV NG A GHOST — AND WE VE NO GHOST.
THAT S HARD LUCK, GUV.

TEA S SERVED GUV NOR.
H'MM? WHAT'S THAT GHOST? I MEAN, CHUMMERS...S GH ...OH TEA . . . ALL R GHT!

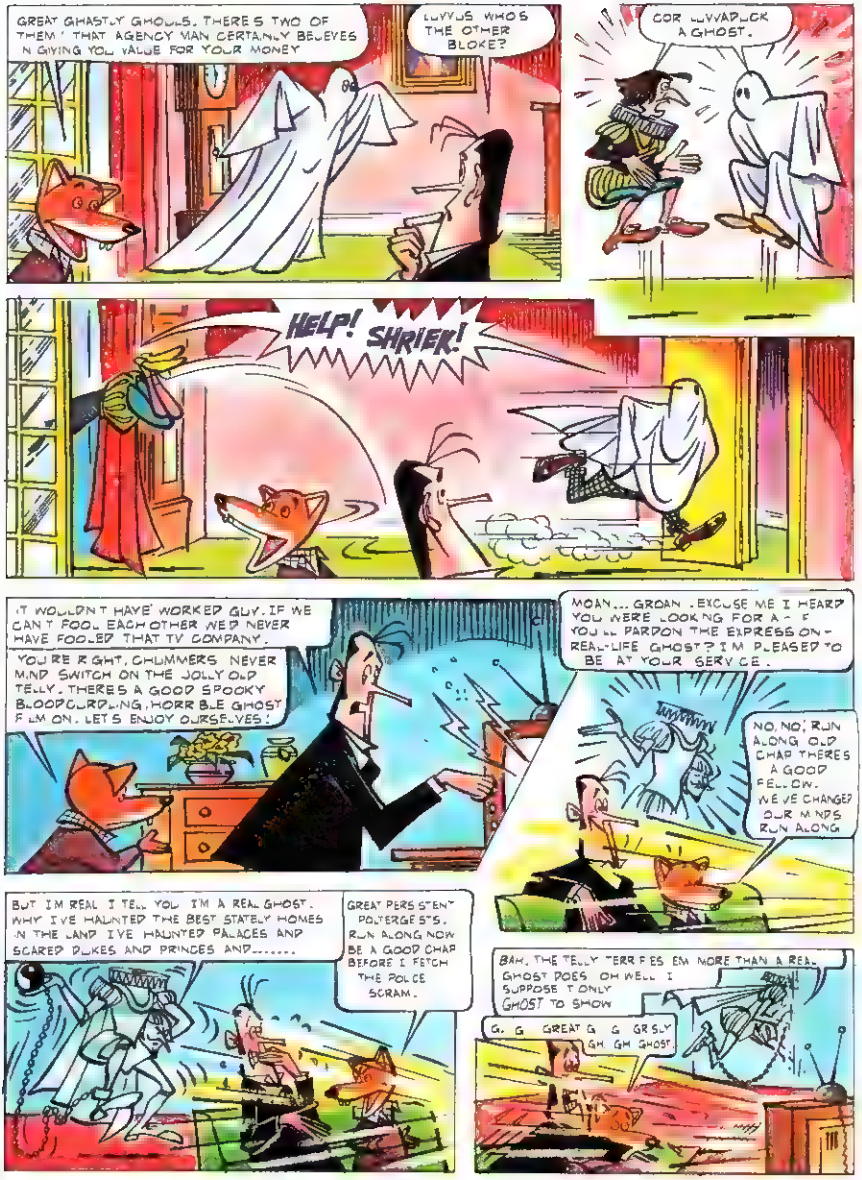
IF ONLY I HAD A GHOST.
POOR OL GUV. HE S MOP NG AROUND JUST BECAUSE HE A N'T GOT A GHOST AND CAN T BECOME R CH AND FAMOUS E DON'T KNOW WOT HE'S DOIN POOR SOUL.


I'M SORRY FOR THE GUV HE WANTS A GHOST AND ALL THAT. WE...HE'S BEEN GOOD TO ME, SO IF E WANTS A GHOST THEN A GHOST HE SHALL AVE!

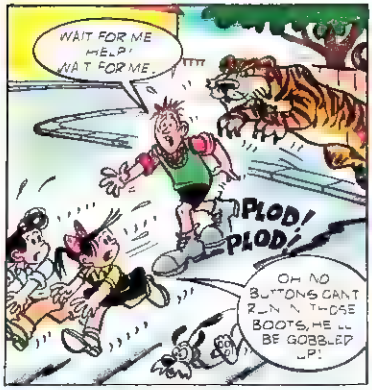

SO YOU SEE CHARLIE IF YOU COULD DRESS UP AS A GHOST AND COME ALONG TONIGHT AND HAUNT US!.....
SURE. ANYTHING FER A FRIEND!

MEANWHILE....
A GHOST S R? FOR TONIGHT? CERTAINLY S R. I'LL SEND T...I MEAN HIM ROUND AT 1-30PM. W LL THAT DO?
THEATRICAL AGENCY
WE SUPPLY ACTORS PROPS COSTUMES ETC EVERYTHING FOR THE STAGE
EXCELLENT MY DEAR S R EXCELLENT ... LEAVE A WINDOW OPEN FOR T. AH... H'M HEM. THAT S UNLESS HE COMES IN THROUGH THE WALL!

AND SO THAT EVENING
AH HERE COMES THAT ACTOR CHAPPIE.
GOOD OLE CHARLIE KNEW HE WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN


GREAT GHASTLY GHOULS. THERE'S TWO OF THEM ! THAT AGENCY MAN CERTAINLY BELIEVES IN GIVING YOU VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY
LUVVUS WHO'S THE OTHER BLOKE?
COR LUVVADLOK A GHOST.
HELP! SHRIEK!
IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED GUY. IF WE CAN'T FOOL EACH OTHER WE'D NEVER HAVE FOOLED THAT TV COMPANY.
YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUMMERS. NEVER MIND. SWITCH ON THE JOLLY OLD TELLY. THERE'S A GOOD SPOOKY BLOODCURDLING, HORRIBLE GHOST FILM ON. LET'S ENJOY OURSELVES!
MOAN... GROAN. EXCUSE ME I HEARD YOU WERE LOOKING FOR A - F YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESS ON- REAL-LIFE GHOST? I'M PLEASED TO BE AT YOUR SERVICE.
NO, NO, RUN ALONG OLD CHAP THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW. WE'VE CHANGED OUR MINDS RUN ALONG
BUT I'M REAL I TELL YOU I'M A REAL GHOST. WHY I'VE HAUNTED THE BEST STATELY HOMES IN THE LAND I'VE HAUNTED PALACES AND SCARED DUKES AND PRINCES AND.....
GREAT PERSISTENT POLTERGEISTS. RUN ALONG NOW BE A GOOD CHAP BEFORE I FETCH THE POLICE SCRAM.
BAH. THE TELLY TERRIFIES 'EM MORE THAN A REAL GHOST DOES OH WELL I SUPPOSE I ONLY GHOST TO SHOW
G. G GREAT G G GRISLY GH GH GHOST.

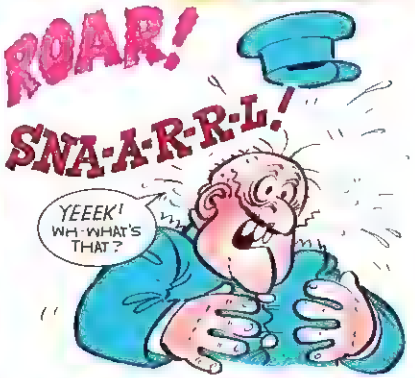
The TV Terrors
COO LOOK AT THIS MON CA ... THEY'RE FILMING PUSS 'N BOOTS AT THE STUDIO
TV NEWS
MUM HOPPITY ON TELLY ... WE'LL NEVER SEE IT
CLUMP!
OH YES NEVILLE I'M FED-UP AT HOPPITY GOING ALL THE BOOTING. I'M GOING TO GO TO THE BOOTING THIS TIME.
CLOMP!
YUKES IT'S BUTTONS.
CLUMP!
AND SO ...
PREPARE TO BE BOOTED HOPPITY
CLUMP!
SHUFFLE!
HO HO BOOTIME DO YOU SAY? YOU CAN HARDLY LIFT THOSE HEAVY BOOTS OFF THE GROUND
GASP GRUNT STRAIN.
HOPPITY UP NO ONE BOOTS HOPPITY NO ONE
V STUD
YEEEAAGH!
WHUMP!
COME ON HOME AND TAKE OFF THOSE SILLY BOOTS BUTTONS
BUT AS THE TERRORS HEAD FOR HOME ...
HELP! A TIGER MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO
ROAR! SNARL!
RUN FOR IT


WAIT FOR ME HELP! WAIT FOR ME.
PLOD! PLOD!
OH NO BUTTONS CAN'T RUN IN THOSE BOOTS, HE'LL BE GOBBLED UP!

I'M DOOMED! WHO'D HAVE EVER THOUGHT I'D END UP AS A TIGER'S?N

LOVELY T SN'T GOING TO EAT BUTTONS... IT LIKES HIM.
ER— MAYBE NOT... MAYBE T THINKS I'M A LOLLIPOP.
SHLUP!
SHLUP!

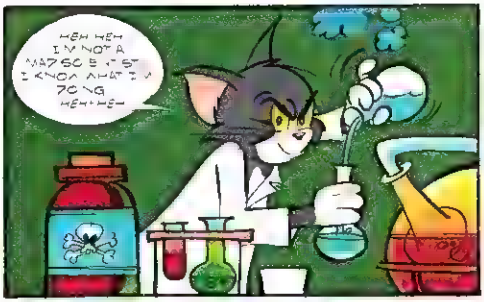
PURR-RR!
GOSH, IT DOES LIKE ME. IT'S A ME-TRAINED TIGER. HOW ABOUT GOING TO A LITTLE JOB TO DO BEFORE WE RETURN TO THE ZOO?
WE'RE NAY AHEAD OF YOU, BUTTONS


ROAR!
SNA-A-R-R-L!
YEEEK! WH-WHAT'S THAT?

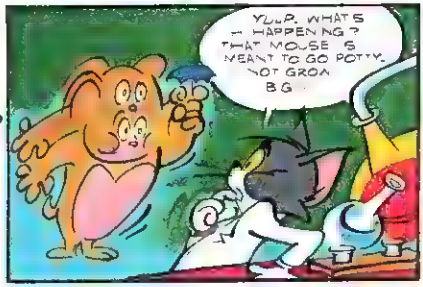
THAT'S THE TICKET STRIPEY! GIVE HIM THE BOOT WITH BUTTONS BOOTS.
WAAAH A GIANT PUSS-N-BOOTS.
WHUMP!

GRR-RR!
HELP, HELP
LISTEN TO HOPPY, HE HAS HIS VERY OWN PUSS N BOOTS ... AND HE'S STILL COMPLAINING. HO-HO
HA HA I'M A PANTOMIME
WOOF!

TOM and JERRY



ONE DROP OF THIS POT ON AND JERRY SHALL CHANGE INTO A DUMB, TASTELESS, GIBBERING APOLOGY OF A MOUSE... THEN HE WON'T BE A MATCH FOR MY GENIUS



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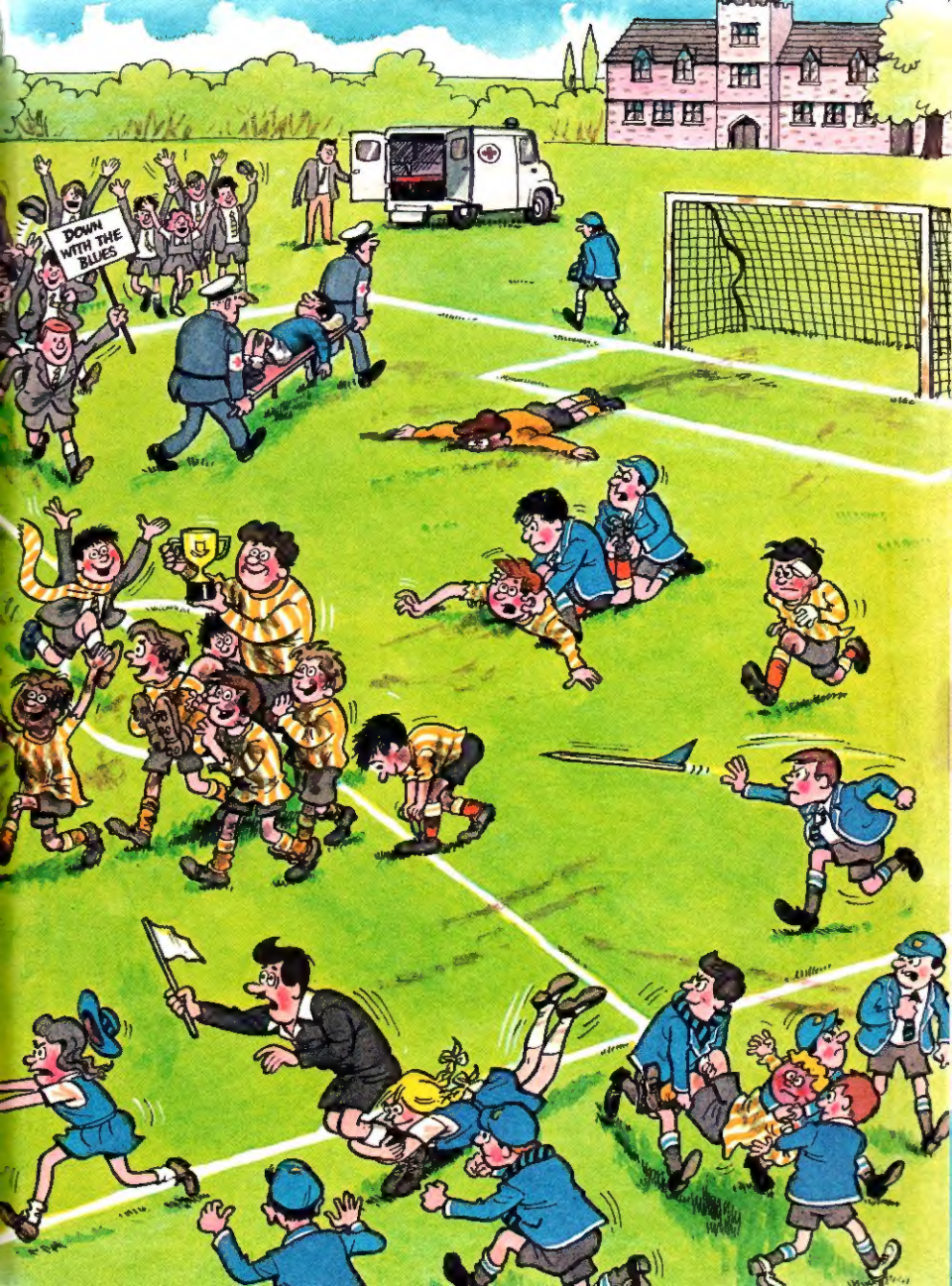
HELP! WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'VE CREATED A FRANKENMOUSE!
ME HUNGRY! YOU FIX UP GRUB ... OR ELSE! AND ME LIKE TURKEY!
MERCY, KIND SIR! I HAVE NO TURKEY!
I LOVE WATCHING TOMS DREAMS!
HERE YOU ARE, TOM! ONE FAT TURKEY... BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO PLUCK IT FIRST!
A THOUSAND THANKS, SIR!
HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT! GULP!
THOMAS!
HALLO! HERE COMES THE SUPPORTING CAST!
WHY, YOU DESTRUCTIVE CAT! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO THAT NICE FEATHERD PILLOW I GAVE YOU YESTERDAY!
M-ME? I DID THAT?
HELP! OUCH! OOH! WON'T SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?
BOK!
BOK
SIGH! POOR TOM HAS NIGHTMARES BUT EVERYTHING'S WORKED LIKE A DREAM FOR ME!
TOM
BILL TYTLA DR.

ALL-SCHOOLS CUP FINAL


DOWN WITH THE BLUES